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10/12 HELVETICA

10/12 BODONI

Publisher: Rudy Vanderlans
Guest Editor: Jeffery Keedy
Distribution, promotions: Kurt Hobson
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Rudy Vanderlans asked me to guest edit this issue of Emigre to offer his readers a look at what is going on at CalArts. The faculty thought it best to let the students' work speak for itself. So, for this issue, we slightly altered the mechanical parameters of three graduate projects completed over this past semester to fit the magazine's format.

The first project is called lexicon. Each student is to define three words using image and text exclusively and in combination. The definitions should go beyond the dictionary definition to give the reader an understanding of the word's meaning in relation to each other. This project helps us develop a shared vocabulary to disscuss design.

The second project, named after the Italian author Italo Calvino, consists of short stories that have been typographically interpreted by the students. In this project we explore the nature of form and its relation to both the denotative and the connotative nature of words. With the computer, the relationship of the designer to the text has changed forever. The graphic designer has supplanted the typesetter, not just setting the text but designing it as a direct expression of the content. In this project the designers act not as writers (none of the author's words can be deleted or changed) but as visual directors, creating specific contexts in which the text may be experienced.

The third project, macro/micro, deals with ideas and the context in which they are situated. The student first selected an essay about a design-related issue in the profession or culture at large (the macro), then responded with their own thoughts and evaluations (the micro). We feel it is essential for designers to continually evaluate their place within the larger cultural context as well as engage in a critical design discourse with their peers.

The work that follows could be easily (and ignorantly) dismissed as "hard to read" or "illegible" because truly new and experimental ideas are more difficult to deal with than that which is already known and codified. At CalArts, we are not interested in a passive and servile relationship to communication, but one that is rigorously engaging. It is also important to remember that the work presented here exists in the context of a graduate design program that is calling into question existing notions of legibility, style, and appropriateness. This work can be thought of as precursors to the interactive hypermedia of the future, contained in the traditional media of the static printed page.

Also included in this issue, are interpretive notational self-portraits by second year undergrads, cover designs by fourth year undergrads, as well as a sampling of typefaces created over the past few years at CalArts.

The projects presented here are not intended to represent all of the work being done in the design program at CalArts, that would be an impossible task; rather this is an introduction to a few new faces.

Mr. Keedy
Acting Director, Program in Graphic Design
California Institute of the Arts
January 1992

PROPAGANDA

Propaganda is a vehicular device used to reach out and educate the public with messages of important pressing information created by an organization to help or correct a person or government in their views. Frequently referred to in a positive sense as the distribution of information that is controversial or effective in its objective.

Propaganda

is a vehicle

used to deliberately

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messages

to the public

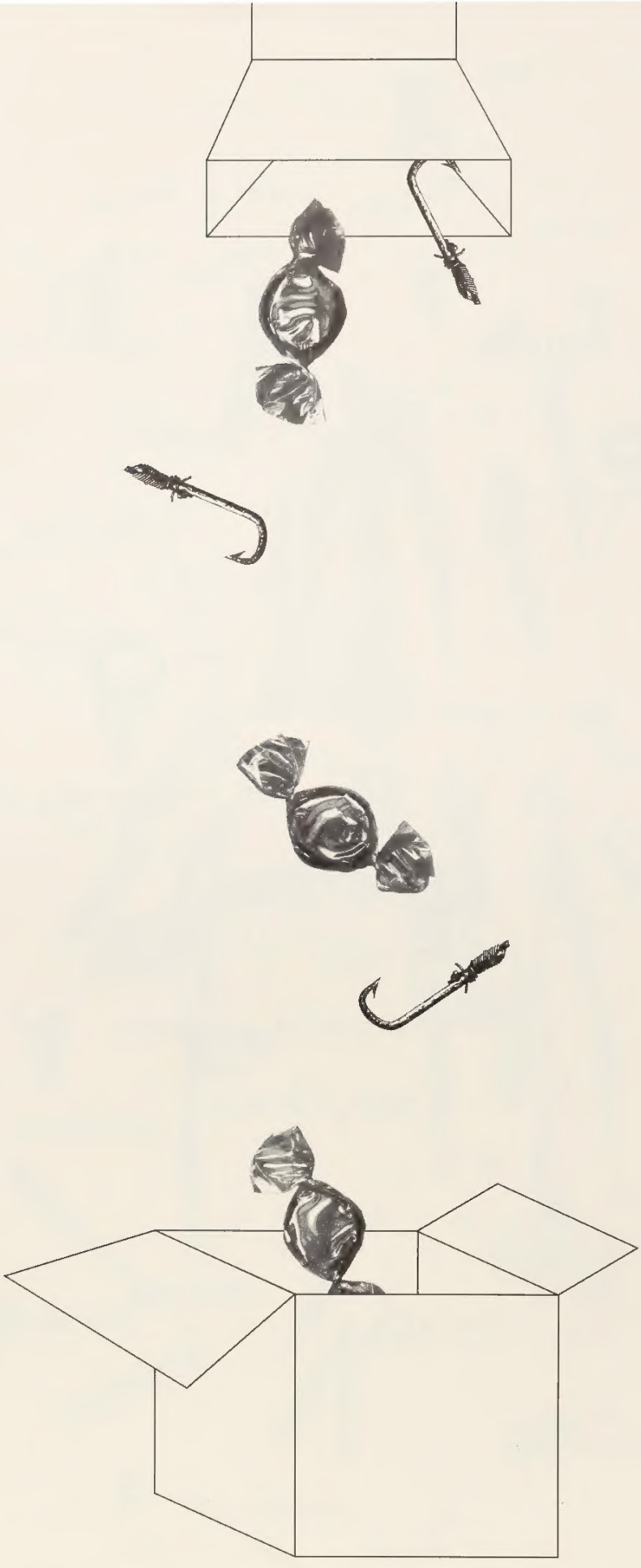
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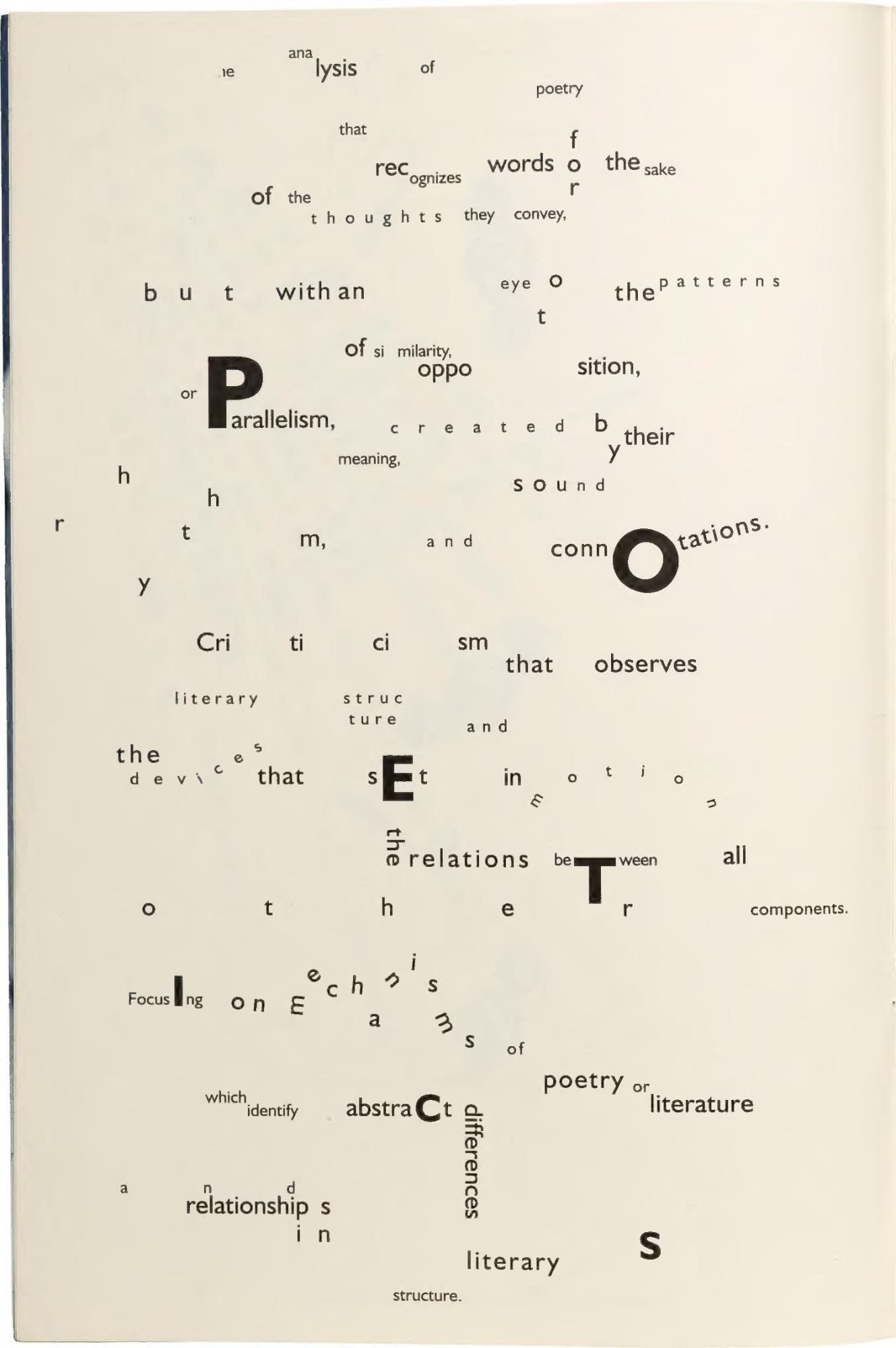
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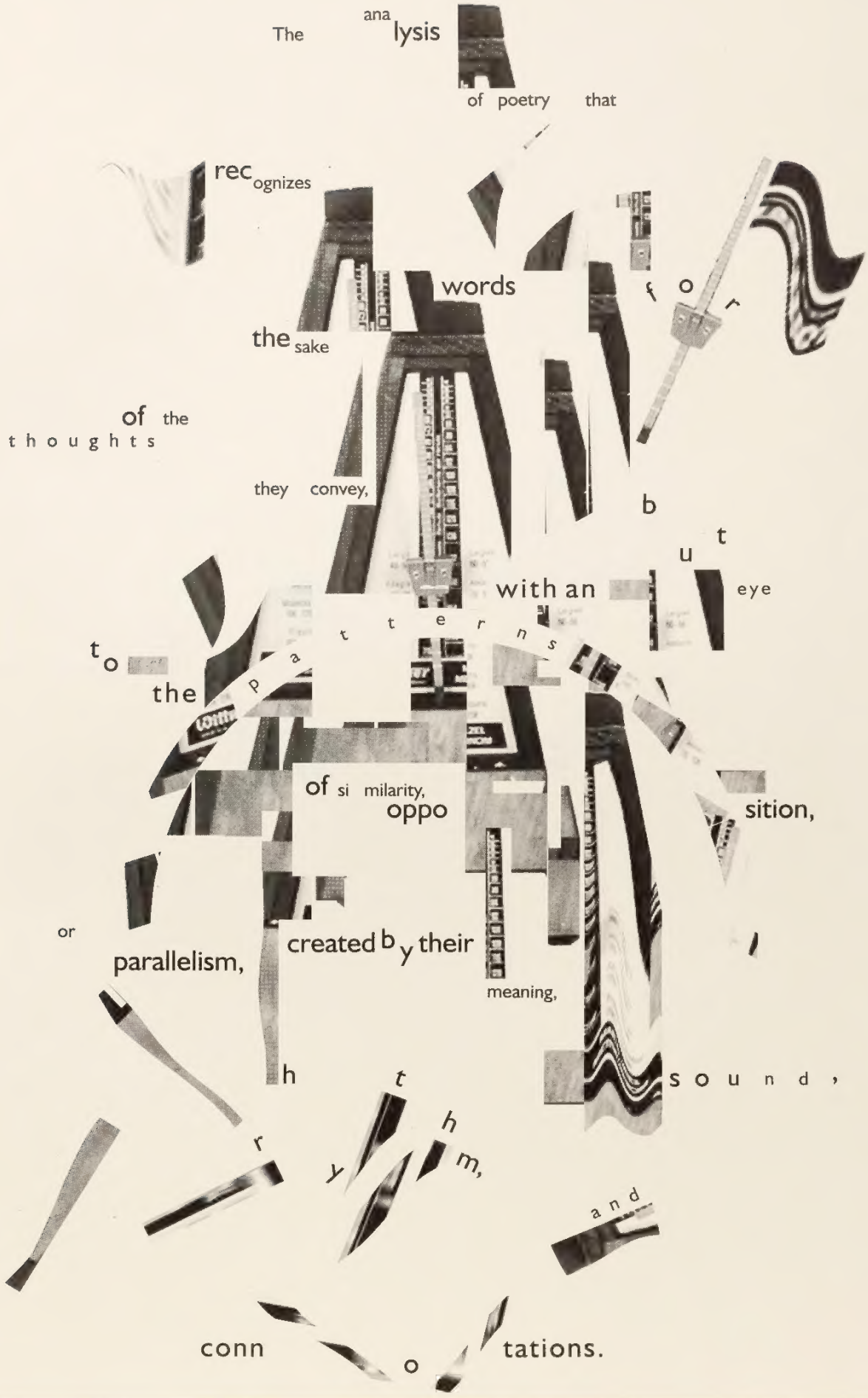
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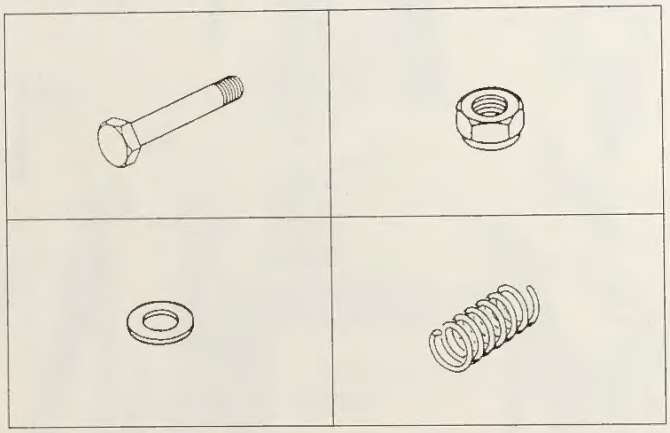
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a person, government, institution etc.




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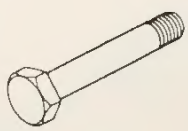
e n l i g h t e n e d

i n f o r m a t i v e

a f f i r m a t i o n

i n f o r m a t i o n

knowledge communicated or received concerning a particular fact or circumstance; news
knowledge gained through study, communication, research, instruction, etc.; factual data
the act or fact of informing



k n o w l e d g e



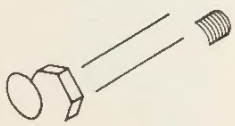


m o d u s

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stimulating the viewer to take
part in the analysis of the {between}
and explores the possibility
of the frame . . .



esoteric

knowledge

exoteric

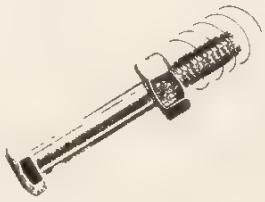




read between the lines
put a construction on
in other words
u n r a v e l
c o n n o t a t i o n
spell out
throw or shed light
strictly speaking

in ter pre ta tion

a way of interpreting
to bring out the meaning
to indicate one's perception
oral translation of idea



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decode

For the majority of mollusks, the visible organic form has little importance in the life of the members of a species, since they cannot see one another and have, at most, only a vague perception of other individuals and of their surroundings. This does not prevent brightly colored stripings and forms which seem very beautiful to our eyes (as in many gastropod shells) from existing independently of any relationship to ***visibility.***

THE SPIRAL

ITALO CALVINO

Design by Andrea Futter

I

Like me, when I was clinging to that rock, you mean?- *Ofwfq asked.*

-With the waves rising and falling, and me there, still, flat, sucking what there was to suck and thinking about it all the time? If that's the time you want to know about, there isn't much I can tell you.

Form? I didn't have any; that is, I didn't know I had one, or rather I didn't know you *could* have one. I grew more or less on all sides, at r and o m; if this is what you call radial symmetry, I suppose I had radial symmetry, but to tell you the truth I never paid any attention to it. **Why should I have grown more on one side than on the other?** I had no eyes, no head, no part of the body that was **different** from any other part; now I try to persuade myself that the two holes I had were a mouth and an anus, and that I therefore already had my bilateral symmetry, just like the trilobites and the rest of you, but in my memory I really can't tell those holes apart, I passed stuff from whatever side I felt like, inside or outside was the same, differences and repugnances came along much later. Every now and then I was **seized** by fantasies, that's true; for example, the notion of scratching my armpit, or crossing my legs, or once even of growing a mustache. I use these words here with you, to make myself clear; then there were many details I couldn't foresee: I had some **cells,** one more or less the same as another, and they all did more or less the same job. But since I had **no form** I could feel all possible **forms** in myself, and all actions and **expressions** and possibilities of making noises, even rude ones. In short, there were **no limitations** to my thoughts, which weren't thoughts, after all, because I had no brain to think them; **every cell on its own thought every thinkable thing all at once,** not through images, since we had no images of any kind at our disposal, but simply in that in-determinate way of feeling oneself there, which did not prevent us from feeling **ourselves equally there insome other way.**

It was a **rich** and **free** and contented condition, my condition at that time, quite the contrary of what you might think. I was a bachelor (our system of reproduction in those days didn't require even temporary couplings), healthy, without too many ambitions. When you're young, all evolution lies before you, **every road is open to you,** and at the same time you can enjoy the fact of being there on the rock, flat mollusk-pulp, damp and happy. If you compare yourself with the limitations that came afterwards, if you think of how having one form excludes other forms, of the monotonous routine where you finally feel trapped, well. I don't mind saying life WAS BEAUTIFUL IN THOSE DAYS.

To be sure, I lived a bit withdrawn into myself, that's true, no comparison with our interrelated **life nowadays;** and I'll also admit that-partly because of my age and partly under the influence of my surroundings—I was what they call a **narcissist** to a slight extent; I mean I stayed there observing myself all the time, I saw all my good points and all my defects, and I liked myself for the former and for the latter; I had no terms of **comparison,** you must remember that, too.

But I wasn't so backward that I didn't know something else existed beyond me: the rock where I clung, obviously, and also the water that reached me with every wave, but other stuff, too, farther on: that is, the world. The **water** was a source of information, reliable and precise: it brought me edible substances which I absorbed through all my surface, and other inedible ones which still helped me form an idea of what there was around. The system worked like this: a wave would come, and I, still sticking to the rock, would raise myself up a little bit, imperceptibly—all I had to do was loosen the pressure slightly—and, splat, the water passed beneath me, full of **substances** and sensations and stimuli. You never knew how those stimuli were going to turn out, sometimes a tickling that made you die laughing, other times a **shudder,** a burning, an itch, so it was a constant seesaw of amusement and emotion. But you mustn't think I just lay there passively, dumbly accepting everything that came: after a while I had acquired some experience and I was quick to analyze what sort of stuff was arriving and to decide how I should behave, to make the best use of it or to avoid the more unpleasant consequences. It was all a kind of game of contractions, with each of the cells I had, or of relaxing at the right moment: and **I could make my choices,** reject, attract, even spit.

And so I learned that there were *the others,* the element surrounding me was filled with traces of them, *others* hostile and **different** from me or else disgustingly similar. No, now I'm giving you a disagreeable idea of my character, which is all wrong. Naturally, each of us went about on his own business, but the presence of the *others* reassured me, created an inhabited zone around me, freed me from the fear of being an alarming exception, which I would have been if the fact of existing had been my fate alone, a kind of exile.

So I knew that some of the *others* were female. The water **transmitted** a special **vibration,** a kind of **brrrum brrrum brrrum.** I remember when I became aware of it the first time, or rather, not the first, I remember when I became aware of being aware of it as a thing I had always known. At the discovery of these vibrations' existence, I was seized with a great curiosity, not so much to see them, or to be seen by them either—since, first, we hadn't any sight, and secondly, the sexes weren't yet differentiated, each individual was identical with every other individual and at looking at one or another I would have felt no more pleasure than in looking at myself—but a curiosity to know whether something would happen between me and them. A desperation filled me, a desire not to do anything special, which would have been out of place, knowing that there was nothing special to do, or nonspecial either, but to respond in some way to that vibration with a corresponding **vibration,** or rather, with a personal **vibration** of my own, because, sure enough, there was something there that wasn't exactly the same as the other. I mean now you might say it came from hormones. BUT FOR ME IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.

So then, one of them, schlup schlup, schlup, emitted her eggs, and I schlup, **schlup, schlup,** fertilized them: all down inside the sea, mingling in the water tepid from the sun; oh, I forgot to tell you, I could feel the sun, which warmed the sea and heated the rock.

One of them, I said. Because, among all those female messages that the sea **slammed** against me like an indistinct soup at first where everything was all right with me and I grubbed about paying no attention to what one was like or another, suddenly I understood what correspond best to my tastes, tastes which I hadn't known before that moment, of course. In other words, **I was falling in love.** What I mean is: I had begun to **recognize,** to isolate the **signs** of one of those from the others, in fact I waited for these **SIGNS** I had begun to recognize, I sought them, **responded to those signs I awaited with other signs I made**

myself, or rather it was I who aroused them, these signs of my own. I mean I was in love with her and she with me, so what more could I want from life?

Now habits have changed, and it already seems inconceivable to you that one could love a female like that, without having spent any time with her. And yet, through that unmistakable part of her still in solution in the sea water, which the waves placed at my disposal, I received a quantity of information about her, more than you can imagine: not the superficial, generic information you get now, seeing and smelling and touching and hearing a voice, but essential information which I could then develop at length in my imagination. I could think was made, which would have been a banal and vulgar way of thinking of her, but of how from her present formlessness she would be transformed into one of the infinite possible forms, still remaining herself, however. I didn't imagine the forms that she might assume, but I imagined the special quality that, in taking them, she would give to those forms.

I knew her well, in other words. And I wasn't sure of her. Every now and then I was overcome with suspicion, anxiety, rage. I didn't let anything show, you know my character, but beneath that impassive mask passed suppositions I can't bring myself to confess even now. More than once I suspected she was unfaithful to me, that she sent messages not only to me but also to others; more than once I thought I had intercepted one, or that I had discovered a tone of insincerity in a message addressed to me. I was jealous, I can admit it now, not so much out of distrust of her as out of unsureness of myself: who could assure me that she had really understood who I was? Or that she had understood the fact that I was? This relationship achieved between us thanks to the sea water—a full, complete relationship, what more could I ask for?—was for me something absolutely personal, between two unique and distinct individualities, but for her? Who could assure me that what she might find in me she hadn't also found in another, or in another two or three or ten or a hundred like me? Who could assure me that her abandon in our shared relations wasn't an indiscriminate abandon, slapdash, a kind of who's next?—collective ecstasy?

The fact that these suspicions did not correspond to the truth was confirmed, for me, by the subtle, soft, private vibration, at times still trembling with modesty, in our correspondences; but what if, precisely out of shyness and inexperience, she didn't pay enough attention to my characteristics and others took advantage of this innocence to worm their way in? And what if she, a novice, believed it was still I and couldn't distinguish one from the other, and so our most intimate play was extended to a circle of strangers . . ?

It was then that I began to secrete calcareous matter. I wanted to make something to mark my presence in an unmistakable fashion, something that would defend this individual presence of mine from the indiscriminate instability of all the rest. Now it's no use my piling up words, trying to explain the novelty of this intention I had; the first word I said is more than enough: make. I wanted to make, and considering the fact that I had never made anything or thought you could make anything, this in itself was a big event. So I began to make the first thing that occurred to me, and it was a shell. From the margin of that fleshy cloak on my body, using certain glands, I began to give off secretions which took on a curving shape all around, until I was covered with a hard and variegated shield, rough on the outside and smooth and shiny inside. Naturally, I had no way of controlling the form of what I was making; I just stayed there all huddled up, lent and sluggish, and I secreted. I went on even after the shell covered my whole body; I began another turn; in short, I was getting one of those shells all twisted into a spiral, which you, when you see them, think are so hard to make, but all you have to do is keep working and giving off the same matter without stopping, and they grow like that, one turn after the other.

Once it existed, this shell was also a necessary and indispensable place to stay inside of, a defense for my survival; it was a lucky thing I had made it, but while I was making it I had no idea of making it because I needed it, on the contrary, it was like when somebody lets out an exclamation it, like "HA" OR "HMPH," that's how I made the shell: simply to express myself. And in this self expression I put all the thoughts I had about her, I released the anger she made me feel, my amorous way of thinking about her, my desire for me to be for her, the desire for her to be her, and the love for myself that I put in my love for her—all the things that could be said only in that conch she wound into a spiral.

At regular intervals the calcareous matter I was secreting came out colored, so a number of lovely stripes were formed running straight through the spirals, and this shell was a thing different from me but also the truest part of me, the explanation of who I was, my portrait translated into a rythmic system of volumes and stripes and colors and hard matter, and it was the portrait of her as she was, because at the same time she was making herself a shell identical to mine and without knowing it I was copying what she was doing and she without knowing it was copying what I was doing, and all the others were copying all the others, so we would be back where we had been before except for the fact that in saying these shells were the same I was a bit hasty, because when you looked closer you discovered all sorts of little differences that later on might become enormous.

So I can say that my shell made itself, without my taking any special pains to have it come out one way rather than another, but this doesn't mean that I was absent-minded during that time;

I applied myself, instead, to that act of secreting, without allowing myself a moment's distraction, never thinking of anything else, or rather: thinking always of something else, since I didn't know how to think of the shell, just as, for that matter, I didn't know how to think of anything else either, but I accompanied the effort of making the shell with the effort of thinking I was making something, that is anything: that is, I thought of all the things it would be possible to make. So it wasn't even a monotonous task, because the effort of thinking which accompanied it spread toward countless types of thoughts which spread, each one, toward countless types of actions that might each serve to make countless things, and making each of these things implicit in making the shell grow, turn after turn..

II

And so now, after five hundred million years have gone by, I **look** *around and, above the rock, I* see *the railway embankment and the train passing along it with a party of* Dutch girls *looking out of the window and, in the last compartment, a solitary traveler* **reading** *Herodotus in a bilingual edition, and the train* vanishes *into the tunnel under the highway, where there is a* **sign** *with the pyramids and the words "VISIT EGYPT," and a little* ice-cream *wagon tries to pass a big truck laden with installments of Rh-Stijl, a periodical encyclopedia that comes out in paperback, but then it puts its brakes on because its* visibility **is blocked** *by a cloud of bees which crosses the road coming from a row of hives in a field from which surely a* queen bee *is flying away, drawing behind* her *a swarm in the direction opposite to the smoke of the train, which has* **reappeared** *at the other end of the tunnel, so* you can see hardly anything *thanks to the cloudy stream of bees and coal smoke, except a few yards farther up there is a peasant*

breaking the ground with his mattock and, unaware, **he brings to light and reburies** a fragment of a Neolithic mattock similar to his own, in a garden that surrounds an astronomical observatory with its telescopes aimed at the sky and on whose threshold the keeper's daughter sits **reading** the horoscopes in a weekly whose cover displays the face of the star of Cleopatra: **I see** all this and **I feel** no amazement because **making** the shell implied also **making** the honey in the wax comb and the coal and the telescopes and the reign of Cleopatra and the films about Cleopatra and the pyramids and the design of the zodiac of the Chaldean astrologers and the wars and empires Herodotus **speaks** of and the words **written** by Herodotus and the works **written** in all languages including those of Spinoza in Dutch and the fourteen-line summary of Spinoza's life and works in the installment of the encyclopedia in the truck passed by the ice-cream wagon, and so **I feel** as if, in making the shell, I had also made the rest..

I look around, and whom am I looking for? She is still the one **I seek;** I've been in love for five hundred million years, and if **I see** a Dutch girl on the sand with a beachboy wearing a gold chain around his neck and **showing** her the swarm of bees to frighten her, there she is: **I recognize** her from her inimitable way of raising one shoulder until it almost touches her cheek, I'm almost sure, or rather I'd say absolutely sure if it weren't for a certain resemblance that I find also in the daughter of the keeper of the observatory, and in the photograph of the actress made up as Cleopatra, or perhaps in Cleopatra as she really was in person, for what part of the true Cleopatra they say every representation of Cleopatra contains, or in the queen bee flying at the head of the swarm with that forward impetuousness, or in the paper woman cut out and pasted on the plastic windshield of the little ice-cream wagon, wearing a bathing suit like the Dutch girl on the beach now listening over a little transistor radio to the voice of a woman singing, the same voice that the encyclopedia truck driver hears over his radio, and the same one I'm now sure I've heard for five million years, it is surely she I hear singing and whose **image** I look for all around, **seeing** only gulls volplaning on the surface of the sea where a school of anchovies glistens and for a moment I am certain **I recognize** her in a female gull and a moment later I suspect that instead she's an anchovy, though she might just as well be any queen or slave-girl named by Herodotus or only hinted at in the pages of the volume left to mark the seat of the reader who has stepped into the corridor of the train to strike up a conversation with the party of Dutch tourists; I might say I am in love with each of those girls and at the same time I am sure of being in love always with her alone.

And the more I **torment** myself with love for each of them, the less I can bring myself to say to them: "Here I am!," **afraid** of being **mistaken** and even more **afraid** that **she is mistaken**, taking me for somebody else, for somebody who, for all she knows of me, might easily take my place, for example the beachboy with the gold chain, or the director of the observatory, or a gull, or a male anchovy, or the reader of Herodotus, or Herodotus himself, or the vendor of ice cream, who has come down to the beach along a dusty road among the prickly pears and is now **surrounded** by the Dutch girls in their bathing suits, or Spinoza, or the truck driver who is transporting the life and works of Spinoza summarized and repeated two thousand times, or one of the drones dying at the bottom of the hive after having fulfilled his role in the continuation of the species.)

III

Which doesn't that the shell and foremost, a shell, particular form, which one be any different because it was the very had given it, the only one I could or would it. Since the shell had a form, the world was also changed, in the sense that now it included the form of the world as it had been without a shell plus the form of the shell. and an

And that had great consequences: because the vibrations of light, striking bodies, produce the waving effects from them, color first of all, namely, that matter I used to make stripes with which vibrated in a different way from the rest: but there was also the fact that a volume enters into a special relationship of volumes with other volumes, all phenomena I couldn't be aware of, though they existed.

The **shell** in this way was able to create **visual images** of shells, which are things very similar—as far as we know—to the shell itself except that the shell is here, whereas the **images** of it are formed elsewhere, **possibly** on a retina. An **image** therefore presupposes a retina, which in turn presupposes a complete system stemming from an encephalon. So, in producing the shell, I also produced its **image**—not with its one, of course, but many, because with shell you can make as many shell-forms I ages as you want—but only potential Because to form an **image** you need the requisites I mentioned before: an cephalon with its optic ganglia, optic nerve to carry tions from outside to in this optic nerve, at the extremity, ends in purposely to see what outside, namely the eye. ridiculous think that, having an cephalon, one would

simply drop a nerve like a fishingline cast into the darkness; until the eyes crop up, one can't know whether there is something to be seen outside or not. For myself, I had none of this equipment, so I was the least authorized to speak of it; however, I had conceived an idea of my own, namely that the important thing was to form some visual **images**, and the eyes would come later in consequence. So I concentrated on making the part of me that was outside (and even the interior part of me that conditioned the exterior) give rise to an **image**, or rather to what would later be called a lovely image (when compared to other **images** considered less lovely, or rather ugly, or simply revoltingly hideous).

When a body succeeds in emitting or in reflecting luminous vibrations in a distinct and recognizable order—I thought—what does it do with these vibrations? Put them in its pocket? No, it releases them on the first passer-by. And how will the latter behave in the face of vibrations can't utilize and which, taken in this way, might be annoying? Hide his head in a hole? No, he'll thrust it out in that direction til the point most exposed to the optic vibrations becomes sensitized and develops the mechanism for exploiting them in the form **images**. In short, I conceived of eye-encephalon link as a kind of tunnel dug from the outside by the force of what was ready to become **image**, rather than from within

by the intention of

picking up any old **image.**

And I wasn't mistaken: even today I'm sure that the

project—in its

over all aspect—was right. But my error

lay in thinking that **sight** would also come to us,

that is to

me and to her. I elaborated a harmonious, colored **image**

of myself to enter her **visual receptivity,** to occupy its

center,

to settle there, so that she could utilize me constantly, in

dreaming and in **memory,** with thought as well as

with **sight.** And I felt at the same time she was

radiating an image of herself so perfect that it would impose

itself on my foggy, backward **senses,** developing in me an inte-

rior visual field where it would blaze forth

definitely. So our efforts led us to become those perfect

objects of a sense whose nature nobody quite knew yet, and

which later became perfect precisely through

the perfection of its **object,** which was, in fact, **us. I'm**

talking about **sight,** the **eyes;**

only I had failed to foresee one thing: the **eyes** that

finally opened to **see** us didn't

belong to us but to **others.**

Shapeless, colorless beings, sacks of guts stuck together

lessly, peopled the world all around us,

without giving the slightest thought to what they should make

of themselves, to how to express themselves and

identify themselves in a stable, complete form, such as to

rich the visual possibilities of whoever

saw them. They came and went, sank a while, then emerged,

that space between air and water and rock, wandering about

absently; and we in the meanwhile,

she and

I and all those intent on squeezing out a form of our-

selves, were there slaving away at our dark task. Thanks to

us, that badly defined space

became a **visual field;** and who reaped the benefit? These i n -

truders, who had never before given a thought to the possi-

bility of eyesight (ugly as they were, they

wouldn't have gained a thing by seeing one another),

these creatures who had always turned a deaf

ear to the vocation of form. While we were

bent over, doing the hardest part of the job, that

creating something to be seen, they were quietly

taking on the easiest

part: adapting their lazy, embryonic

receptive organs to what there was to receive; other

images. And they needn't try telling me now that their

job was toilsome too:

from that gluey mess that filled their heads

anything could have come out, and

a photosensitive mechanism doesn't

take all that much trouble to put

together. But when

it comes to perfecting it,

that's another story! How can you, if

you don't have visible objects to see,

gaudy ones even, the kind that impose

themselves on the eyesight?

To sum it up

in a few

words: they developed

eyes at our expense.

Our sight, our sight, which

were obscurely waiting for, was

sight that the others had of us. In one way or another, the

great revolution had taken place: all of a sudden, around

eyes were opening, and corneas and irises and pupils: the

swollen, colorless eye of polyps and cuttlefish,

the dazed and gelatinous eyes of bream and mullet, the

protruding and peduncled eyes of crayfish

and lobsters, the bulging and faceted

eyes of flies and ants. A seal now comes forward, black and

shiny, winking little eyes like pinheads. A snail

stands ball-like eyes at the end of long antennae. The inex

pressive eyes of the gull

examine the surface of the water. Beyond a glass mask the

swimming eyes of an underwater

fisherman explore the depths. Through the lens of a spyglass a

sea captain's eyes and the eyes of a woman bathing converge

on my shell, then look at each other,

forgetting me. Framed by far-sighted lenses I feel on me the

far-sighted eyes of a zoologist, trying to frame

me in the eye of a Rolleiflex.

At that moment a school of tiny anchovies, barely born,

passes before me, so tiny that in each little white fish it seems

there is room only for the eye's black dot, and it is a kind of

eye-dust that crosses the sea.

All these eyes were mine. I had made them possible;

I had had the active part: I furnished them the raw material,

the image. With eyes had come all the rest, so

everything that the others, having eyes, had become,

their every form and function, and the quantity of things that,

thanks to eyes, they had managed to do, in their every

form and function, came from what I had done.

Of course, they were not just casually implicit in my being

there, in my having relations with

others, male and female, et cetera,

in my setting out

to make a shell, et cetera. In

other words, I had foreseen absolutely everything.

And at the bottom of each of those eyes I lived, or rather an-

other me lived, one of the images of me,

and it encountered the image of her, the most faithful image

of her, in that beyond which opens, past the semil

iquid sphere of the irises, in the darkness of

the pupils, the mirrored hall

of the retinas, in our

true element which extends

without shores,

without

boundaries.

I.

the visible organic form has little importance

a vague perception

to visibility

visibility is

Here Am I," afraid of being

drones dying at the

pointed at in the pages of the volume

seeing

intimate play

I am in love with each of those girls

I recognize HER IN A FEMALE GUIT

from her present formlessness she would

representation of Cleopatra contains

Cleopatra: I see all this and I feel no amazement

and so I feel as it, in

and whom am I looking for? SHE IS STILL THE

and the coal and the telescope

THE PYRAMIDS

curiosity to know whether something would happen between me and t

freed me from the fear of being an

existing independently of any relationship

rid free and contented condit on, my condition at that time, qu te the

emp and happy. If you compare yourse f w th the lim tat ons that came

ed a b t w that's true no compar son w th our

my age and partly under the I was what

j myself all the time, I saw al my good points and all my defects, and I

ou must remember that, too. But I wasn't so backward that I didn't know

lso the water that reached me with every wave, but other stuff, too

ed me The system worked

aise myself up a little b t, imperceptibly all I had to do was loosen the

tances and sensations and stimu You never knew how those st mu

h ng, other t mes a shudder a burn ng an itch, so t was a constant

here passively dumbly accept ng everything that came after a wh le I

stuff was arriving and to decide how I shou d behave, to make the best

with each of the cells I had or of relax ng

the e ement

erent from me or else d sgust ngly similar No, now I'm giving you a

of us went about on h s own bus ness but the presence of the others reassured

t arming exception, which I would have been if the fact of existing had

ers were fema e The water transm tted a spec al vibrat on, a k nd of

st t me or rather not the f rst remember when I became aware of

these vibrations existence I was seized w th a great curios ty not so

t any sight and secondly the sexes weren t yet d fferentiated each

one or another I would have fe t no more pleasure than m look ng at

A desperation filled me a desire not to do anything spec a , which

al to do or nonspec al either

d down ns de the sea mm ng ng n the

, wh ch warmed the sea and heated the rock One of them, I sa d

st me like an ndist nct soup at f rst where everyth ng was all r ght w th

other suddenly I understood what correspond best to my tastes tastes

I was fa ng n love what I mean s

I sought them,

ather it was I who aroused them, these signs of my own, I mean I was

? Now habits have changed, and it a ready seems nconceivable to you

e with her And yet,

eng and smel ng and touching and hear ng a voice, but es pec a

be transformed into one of the infinite possible forms. still remaining here f,

I could think was made, wh ch would have been a banal and vu gar

of her Every now and then I was overcome with susp c on anx ety,

ha mpa ns of mark passed suppos tions I can't br ng myse f to confess

she sent messages not on y to me but also to others, more than once I

erity in a message addressed to me I was ,ealous, I can admit it now,

ould assure me that she had rea ly understood who I was? Or that she

een us thanks to the sea water what

ween two unique and distinct individualities, but for her? Who could assure me

nother two or three or ten or a hundred like me? Who cou d assure me

ndon, slapdash, a kind of who's next? co ective ecstasy? The fact

me, by the subtle soft, private v bration at t mes st trembling with

nd inexper ence, she d dn't pay enough attention to my characteristics

d what f she, a novice, be ieved t was still I and cou dn t distingu sh

e of strangers . ? It was then that I began to secrete ca careous

t Now it's no use my p ng up words, trying to expla n the novelty of

, I wanted to make, and considering the fact that I had never made

event. So I began to make the f rst th ng that occurred to me, and it

certain g ands, I began to give off secretions which took on a curving

rough on the outside and smooth and sh ny inside. Naturally, I had no

huddled up silent and slugg sh, and I secreted. I went on even after

getting one of those she s a twisted into a spiral, which you when you

r ng and g ving off the same matter without stopping, and they grow

so a necessary and indispensable place to stay inside of a defense for

g it I had no idea of mak ng it because I needed t; on the contrary, it

ll not make, and yet he makes t, l ke "Ha" or mph!" that s how I

out a the thoughts I had about her I released the anger she made me

for her, the desire for me to be me, and for her to be her, and the love

d only n that conch she wound into a spiral. At regular intervals the

ve y stripes were formed running stra ght through the sp ra s, and th s

xplanation of who I was. my portra t translated nto a rhythm c system

portrait of her as she was, because at the same t me one was mak ng

we would be back where we had been before except for the fact that m

looked c oser you discovered a sorts of tt e differences that later on

thout my taking any special pains to have t come out one way rather

that t me I applied myse f nstead to that act of secret ng, without

, or rather think ng a ways of someth ng e se s nce I d dn t know how

k of anyth ng e se either but I accompanied the effort of mak ng the

ng that is, I thought of all the th ngs it would be poss b e to make So

ch accompanied it spread toward count ess types of thoughts wh ch

erve to make count ess things, and mak ng each of these th ngs was

turn after turn.

by Italo Calvino

II.

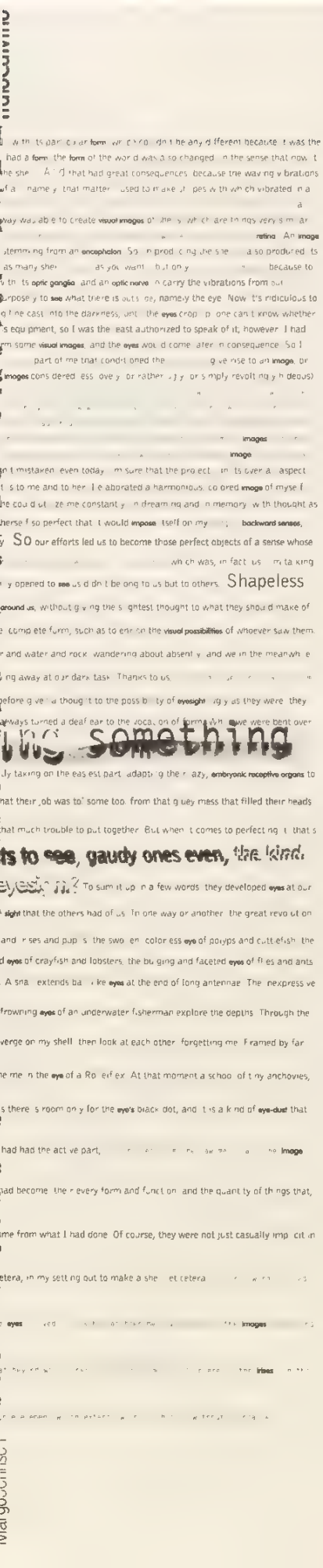
(And so now, after five hundred million years have
see the railway embankment and the tra
girls looking out of the window and, in
reading Herodotus in a bilingual edition, a
THE HIGHWAY, WHERE THERE IS A SIGN WITH THE PY
ICE-CREAM WAGON TRIES TO PASS A BIG TRUCK LAD
ENCYCLOPEDIA that comes out in paperback, but
blocked by a cloud of bees WHICH CROSSES THE RO
WHICH SURELY A QUEEN BEE IS FLYING AWAY, **drawing**
smoke of the train, which has reappeared at the oth
thanks to the cloudy stream of bees and coal smoke,
BREAKING THE GROUND WITH HIS MATTOCK AND, U
REBURIES A FRAGMENT OF A NEOLITH
A GARDEN THAT SURROUNDS AN A
aimed at the sky and on whose threshold the k
weekly whose cover displays the face of the star
because **making the shell implied also making the h**
and the reign of Cleopatra AND THE FILMS A
AND THE DESIGN OF THE ZODIAC OF T
WARS AND EMPIRES HERODOTUS SPE
HERODOTUS AND THE WORKS WRITTE
OF SPINOZA IN DUTCH and the fourteen-
installment of the encyclopedia in the truck pass
making the shell, I had also made the rest. I look a
ONE I SEEK; I'VE BEEN IN LOVE FOR **five hundred millio**
A BEACHBOY WEARING A GOLD CHAIN AROUND HI
FRIGHTEN HER, THERE SHE IS: I RECOGNIZE HER FROM
IT ALMOST TOUCHES HER CHEEK, I'M ALMOST SURE, O
A CERTAIN **resemblance** THAT I FIND ALSO IN THE DAU
THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ACTRESS MADE UP AS CLEO
IN PERSON, FOR WHAT PART OF THE TRUE CLEOPATRA
or in the queen bee flying at the head of the swarm
woman cut out and pasted on the plastic windshie
suit like the Dutch girl on the beach now listening
singing, THE SAME VOICE THAT THE ENCYCLOPEDI
SAME ONE I'M NOW SURE I'VE HEARD FOR FIVE MI
whose image I look for all around, s
sea where a school of anchovies glistens and for a
AND A MOMENT LATER I SUSPECT THAT INSTEAD SHE'S
QUEEN OR SLAVE-GIRL NAMED BY HERODOTUS OR **only**
LEFT TO MARK THE SEAT OF THE READER WHO HAS S
UP A CONVERSATION WITH THE PARTY OF DUTCH T
and at the same time I am sure of being in love always wit
for each of them, the less I can bring myself to
mistaken and even more afraid that she is
somebody who, for all she knows of me,
BEACHBOY WITH THE GOLD CHAIN, OR THE DIRECTOR
OR the reader of Herodotus, or Herodotus himself, O
THE BEACH ALONG A DUSTY ROAD AMONG THE PRICKLY
IN THEIR BATHING SUITS, OR SPINOZA, OR THE TRUCK
OF SPINOZA SUMMARIZED AND REPEATED TWO THOU
bottom of the hive after having fulfilled h

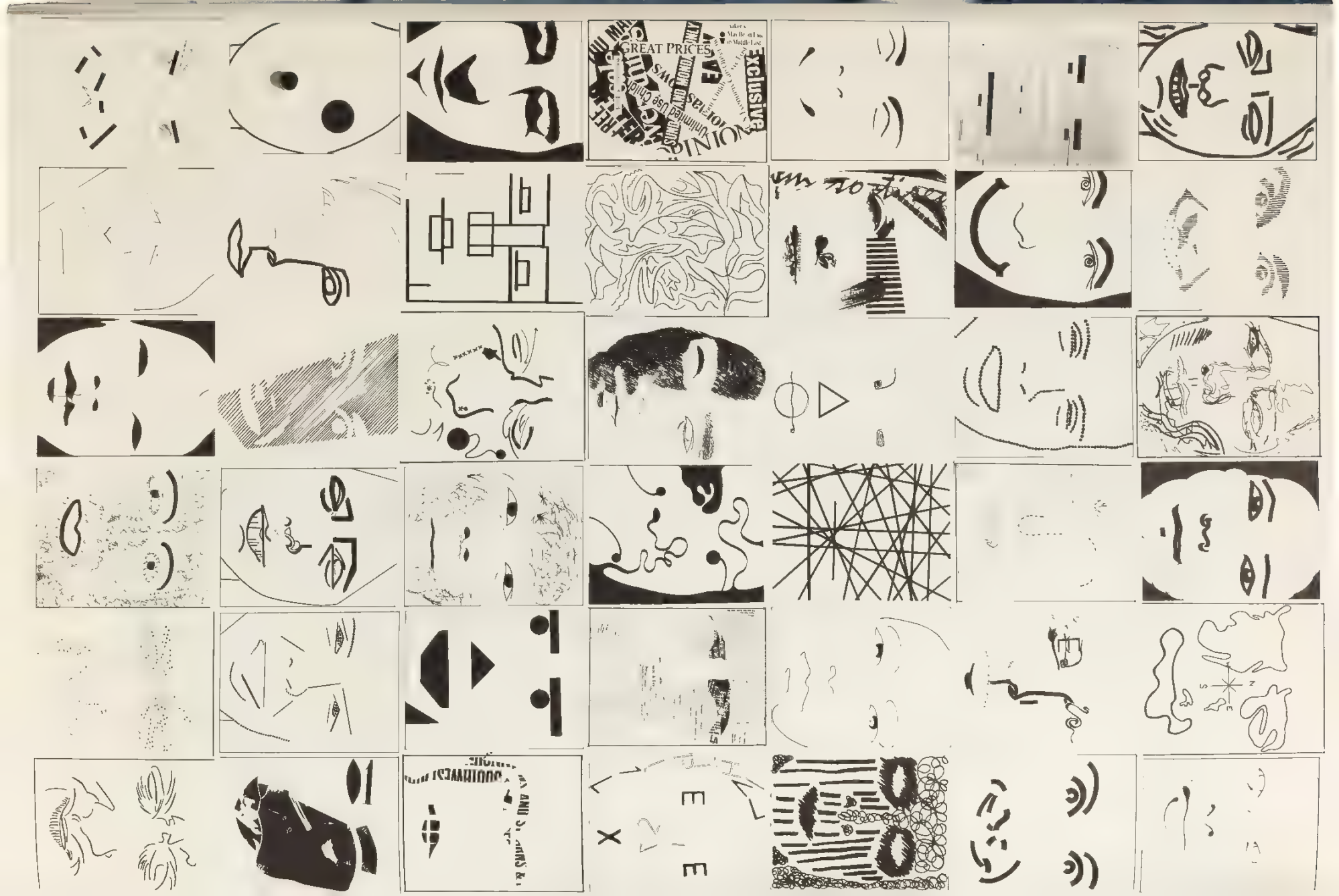
III.

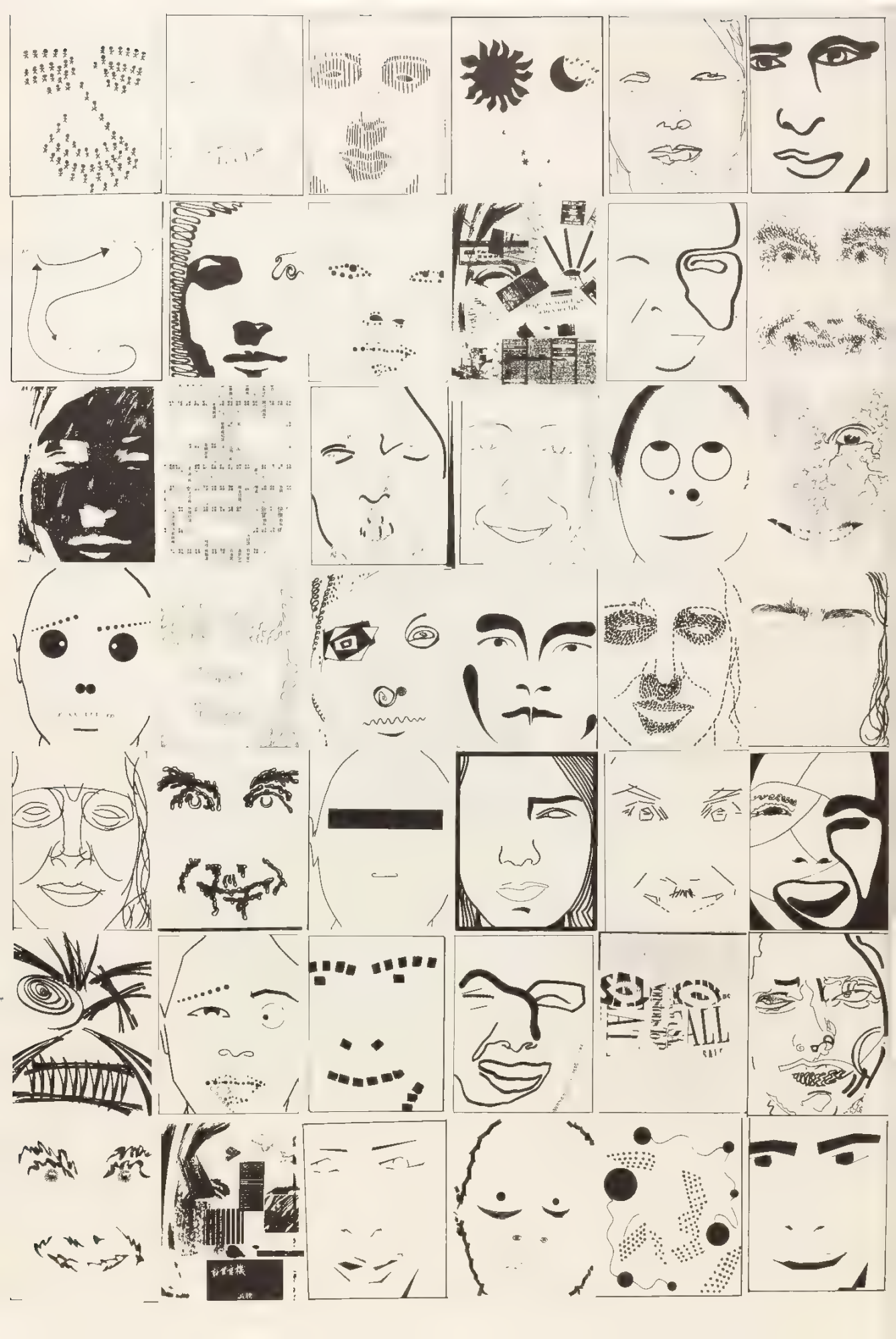
wh it doesn t mean that the she wasn t first and foremost, a she
very form I had given it, the only one I could or would give it. Since the she
ncluded the form of the world as it had been without a she pus the form of
ght, striking bodies, produce part color effects from them to or first
different way from the rest, but there was also the
phenomena could not be aware of though they existed The she in th s
as far as we know to the she tself except that
therefore presupposes a retina, wh ch in turn presupposes a complete system
not one of course but many because w th one she you can make
form an you need a the req s tes ment oned before an encephalon
, and th s optic nerve at the other extrem ty ends n someth ng made p
think that hav ng an encephalon one wo ld s mp y drop a nerve ve a f sh n
there is something to be seen outside or not. For myself, I had none of th
conce ved an idea of my own name y that the important th ng was to fo
concentrated on making the part of me that was and even the
rather to what wou d later be call ed a lovely image (when compared to other
when reflecting luminous vibrations
optic vibrations
eye-encephalon
image And wa
was right. But my error lay in thinking that sight would a so come to us, tha
visual receptivity so that s
we as with sight And fe t at the same time she was radiating an image of
developing n me an nter or visual field where t would b aze forth definitel
nature nobody qu te knew yet and w
about sight, the eyes, on y I had fa led to foresee one th ng the eyes that I n
colorless beings, sacks of guts stuck together carelessly, peopled the world of
themselves, to how to express themse ves and dent fy themse ves n a stab
They came and went, sank a while then emerged, in that space between a
she and I and a those intent on squeezing out a form of ourselves, were there sta
visual field; and who reaped the benefit? These intruders who had never
wou dn t have ga ned a thing by seeing one another, these creatures who had
do ng the hardest part of the job, that is, great
to be seen, they were qu te
what there was to rece ve; our images. And they needn't try telling me now t
anyth ng cou d have come out, and a photosensitive mechanism doesn t take a
another story. How can you f you don t have visible objec
that impose themselves on the
expense So sight, our sight which we were obscure y wait ng for was th
had taken p ace all of a sudden around us, eyes were open ng and corneas
dazed and ge at pous eyes of bream and mu et, the protruding and pedunc e
A sea now comes forward, b ack and sh ny w nking tt e eyes ke p nheads
eyes of the gu exam ne the surface of the water Beyond a g ass mask the
lens of a spyglass a sea capta n s eyes and the eyes of a woman bathing con
sighted lenses I fee on me the far-s ghted eyes of a zoologist, trying to fran
barely born, passes before me, so t ny that n each tt e white fish it seem
crosses the sea All these eyes were mine had made them possible
W th eyes had come all the rest, so everything that the others, hav ng eyes,
thanks to eyes, they had managed to do n their every form and function, ca
my be ng there n my hav ng re at ons w th others, ma e and fema e et c
foreseen And
image image
pupils retinas

© Italo Calvino

e gone by, *I look around* and, above the rock, I
in passing along it with a party of Dutch
the last compartment, a solitary traveler
nd the train vanishes into the tunnel UNDER
RAMIDS AND THE WORDS "VISIT EGYPT," AND A LITTLE
EN WITH INSTALLMENTS OF RII-STIJL, A PERIODICAL
then it puts its brakes on because its **visibility is**
AD COMING FROM A ROW OF HIVES IN A FIELD FROM
behind her a swarm in the direction opposite to the
ner end of the tunnel, so you can see hardly anything
EXCEPT A FEW YARDS FARTHER UP THERE IS A PEASANT
UNAWARE, HE BRINGS TO LIGHT AND
IIC MATTOCK SIMILAR TO HIS OWN, IN
ASTRONOMICAL **observatory** with its **telescopes**
keeper's daughter sits reading the horoscopes in a
of Cleopatra: I see all this and I feel no amazement
oney in the wax comb and the coal and the telescopes
ABOUT CLEOPATRA AND THE PYRAMIDS
THE CHALDEAN ASTROLOGERS AND THE
AKS OF AND THE WORDS WRITTEN BY
N IN ALL LANGUAGES INCLUDING THOSE
ine summary of Spinoza's life and works in the
sed by the ice-cream wagon, **and so I feel as if, in**
round, and whom am I looking for? SHE IS STILL THE
n years, AND IF I SEE A DUTCH GIRL ON THE SAND WITH
S NECK AND SHOWING HER THE SWARM OF BEES TO
HER INIMITABLE WAY OF RAISING ONE SHOULDER UNTIL
RATHER I'D SAY ABSOLUTELY SURE IF IT WEREN'T FOR
GHTER OF THE KEEPER OF THE OBSERVATORY, AND IN
PATRA, OR PERHAPS IN CLEOPATRA AS SHE REALLY WAS
THEY SAY EVERY **representation** of Cleopatra contains,
n with that forward impetuousness, or in the paper
d of the little ice-cream wagon, wearing a bathing
over a little transistor radio to the voice of a woman
A TRUCK DRIVER HEARS OVER HIS RADIO, AND THE
LLION YEARS, IT IS SURELY SHE I HEAR SINGING AND
eeing only gulls volplaning on the surface of the
moment I am certain I **recognize** HER IN A FEMALE GULL
N ANCHOVY, THOUGH SHE MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE ANY
' hinted at in the pages of the volume
EPPED INTO THE CORRIDOR OF THE TRAIN TO STRIKE
OURISTS; **I might say I am in love with each of those girls**
her alone. And the more I torment myself with love
say to them: ***"Here I am!,"*** **afraid of being**
mistaken, taking me for somebody else, for
night easily take my place, for example THE
OF THE OBSERVATORY, OR A GULL, OR A MALE ANCHOVY,
R THE VENDOR OF ICE CREAM, WHO HAS COME DOWN TO
PEARS AND IS NOW SURROUNDED BY THE DUTCH GIRLS
DRIVER WHO IS TRANSPORTING THE LIFE AND WORKS
SAND TIMES, OR ONE OF THE **drones dying at the**
is role in the continuation of the species.)




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DESIGN in CONTEXT:

A New Approach to the History of Graphic Design

HOWARD RILEY

1990 saw the inauguration of a Senior Lectureship in Design History and Research at Curtin University of Technology in Perth, Australia. The reason for this seemingly late arrival on the academic scene is that until quite recently there was no history of design. Plenty of histories of designers, to be sure, and as many descriptive catalogues of the products of design activity, *but no history of design that locates the individual designer and the artifacts of design within their social economic and political contexts*. There has been no history that explains design in relationship to the key changes and their causes in society, no recognition or understanding of how women as well as men consumers (users, as well as producers) act to stimulate those changes, and most importantly, no understanding of how the designed artifacts themselves come to symbolize those changing currents in society, and therefore become meaningful. Concepts such as style, fashion and even taste remain as slippery as ever to most people, including designers. | After two centuries of rapid industrial and technological development, as well as the harmful effects of production pursued purely for the creation of private wealth, design can no longer be regarded as either politically neutral or merely a matter of aesthetics. Of course, all histories are social constructions and therefore, embody ideologies of one stance or another. The aim of the new design history is to allow the student to recognize this and to encourage the examination and discussion of the histories and attendant myths that have been constructed around design. | **Defining design** Let me relate a modern myth. (I'm using 'myth' in the sense of a story by which a society explains some aspect of reality or nature to itself, an aspect which explained otherwise would not usually be conducive to maintaining the established order in that society.) | [M Y T H] Design is a problem solving activity that creates tangible objects that fulfill human needs. | In this common modernist myth, the form of a designed object is deemed to be the logical result of its intended function, and attention is diverted away from the reality of material production itself, and also from the economic, social and political contexts in which material objects are produced and made meaningful. | The [M Y T H] is reinforced by the Modernist approach to design history. For example, in Sir Nikolaus Pevsner's "Pioneers of Modern Design" we notice that the history of design is presented as the linear progression of a series of heroic individuals from William Morris to Walter Gropius. Work is judged good or bad according to purely aesthetic criteria, justified by reference to the designer's pedigree with no great attention paid to what the work means within an economic and social context. | Such an approach is the lamentable inheritance from the "fine" arts, where connoisseurship is invoked to confirm the pedigree of a particular piece of work. This in turn establishes the work's value as an exchangeable commodity. I want to suggest a much more constructive approach to design history, and to visual culture as a whole, that reveals the connections between people and products, that reveals the processes by which people make social meanings from material goods. It is an approach that focuses attention on materials, production processes and patterns of social organization. In my view, the essence of design itself is enmeshed within the relationships between these three. **Industrial competition** At the risk of disappointing those who believe that all academics perpetuate the *status quo*, I should declare my own belief that the [M Y T H] described above disguises the social effects of the application of eighteenth and nineteenth century scientific discoveries in the area of materials and manufacturing processes to privately owned means of production. Steam and iron technology led not only to an unprecedented increase in the rate of production via the mills and factories, and improved distribution via canals and railways, but also an attendant increase in profit potential. However, for this potential to be realized, a parallel increase in the rate of consumption of goods was necessary. | And so ever since the earliest exhortations of people like Henry Cole, owners of the means of production have always utilized designers as a means of enhancing the perceived exchange value of their products, as a means of persuading more people to consume greater quantities of their products, and as a means of creating new markets for their products. Because of these historical precedents, design has been associated with the strategies of competition in industry from the outset, and continues to be so. *The language of advertising is very much like the language of war: campaigns are 'launched' for new products, messages are 'aimed' at 'target' audiences, and advertising 'strategies' employ certain 'offensive' and 'defensive' 'tactics' in order to reach marketing goals. In this respect the process of producing advertising is akin to the one generals might employ in working out battle plans or determining goals for the achievement of military objectives* (Engel, 1983) | You don't need to be a paid up semiologist to recognize that the connotations of such "ad-speak" serve to naturalize the division of people within a hierarchical society, serve to reinforce the dominant ideology that upholds competition and the profit motive as the best means towards social progress, and serve to naturalize the culturally-based and historically variable relationship between design and industry. The definition of design elaborated earlier must obviously be amended if it is to make any sense within such a competitive industrial context. **A cultural phenomenon** Design today is the name given to the process by which designers transform use-value into status-value. Products are transformed through the industrial system of production and marketing into a means of increasing economic growth for the company while promising to resolve the tension between human desires for self-expression and social identity. | Only when this association between design and industry is recognized as a cultural [illegible] through selection by a particular combination of social, political and technological forces, does the opportunity exist to question this taken-for-granted relationship. | Without such recognition, the cultural roots of the relationship remain hidden, design appears the God-given handmaiden of industry and, therefore, its role is considered immutable. | I should like to argue that the process of design is not intrinsically competitive. In its present cultural setting, design may well be accepted as both an activity which reflects the socio-economic and socio-political systems it serves, but this cultural setting is only one scenario out of many other possible alternatives which need to be explored and articulated within academic centers of design theory and practice. Design has allowed itself to be incorporated within the dominant capitalist structure, and as a result has come to represent capitalism in a major way to the public at large. | Capitalist ideology based on belief in total freedom of action for the pursuit of individual gain is nurtured by mass advertising, symbolized by mass-

PARAMETERS

REMEMBER, THE ONLY RELEVANT GRAPHIC DESIGN IS DONE FOR COMMERCE.

The parting advice of my former employer, a reputable corporate designer, struck me as odd. In making a move toward design for the arts, I had bumped up against the perimeters of the design profession. Relevant... to whom or what? Apparently my employer wasn't as concerned about the new direction of my values as much as protecting the realm of his

& PERIMETERS

ANNE BURDICK

In spite of its monolithic stature, commercial graphic design has painted itself into a narrow, yet profitable corner by taking for granted its role in the promotion of profit-motive values. Alternative definitions chip away at the foundation upon which its identity is built. Its protective armor has been the assumptions behind its role, rather than its overt self-definition, as Riley reveals in his analysis of the [MYTH].

> Like most designers I know, my educational platform left me little prepared for this concept, for in school we were fed the [MYTH]. For the most part, I accepted what Riley calls the "immutable role" of graphic design within the dominant capitalist structure.

> It wasn't until years later that I fully understood the designer's implicit function, and with it, the shortcomings of my education. Instead of offering its students an understanding of the larger context, my undergraduate schooling advocated the narrow interpretation of graphic design as the icing on the capitalist cake.

> Riley's call for a broadly-based design education is vitally important and, as he points out, long overdue. Students deserve the right to understand how they function within the prevailing economic structure. Only then can they make an educated decision as to how they want to participate, if at all.

produced goods and reflects a mass cultural value. **False social distinctions** So while people are actually classified within a capitalist society, according to their roles in the process of production, the very products of their own labor are used by the agents of capital to obscure those social divisions by overlaying them with the false social distinctions with which people are encouraged to identify through the consumption of particular goods. Thus instead of being identified by what they produce, people are conditioned to identify themselves with what they consume. In today's design world, you are not only what you eat, you are what you wear, you are what you drive. | The basic problem—almost the sole problem that industry offers the designer is simply one of masking a blatant paradox: persuading the individual consumer that buying a mass-produced item is going to enhance his/her uniqueness and individuality, while improving social status. | Some ads openly recognize the problem of selling a unique person a mass-produced item, and rather than implicitly denying the problem try to find ways around it. Very few advertisements actually talk about the product's use value. They create and describe characteristics desirable to the consumer, and sell that image to the view of the ad. Ads sell you yourself as you'd like to be seen. Desirable personal attributes and points of view are generated by the mass manufacturer and his/her agents, and absorbed by the mass consumer. Free choice in this scenario is a myth. | Even within subculture groups where an attempt is made to assert non-mainstream values, it is through artifacts usually mass-produced (clothing, records, vehicles, safety pins, etc.) that these values are communicated. Dick Hebdige gives a clear analysis of this process in his book "Subculture: The Meaning of Style" (1979). *The relationship between the spectacular subculture and the various industries which service and exploit it is notoriously ambiguous. After all, such a subculture is concerned first and foremost with consumption. It communicates through commodities even if the meaning is overthrown. It is, therefore, difficult in this case to exploitation on the one hand and creativity originality on the other, even though these categories are emphatically opposed in the value systems of most subcultures. Indeed, the creation and diffusion of new styles is inextricably bound up with the process of production, publicity and packaging which must inevitably lead to the diffusion of the subculture's subversive power. Both mod and punk innovations fed back directly in high fashion and mainstream fashion. Each new subculture establishes new trends, generates new looks and sounds which feed back into the appropriate industries.* **Design and culture** We should now be able to recognize that dominant cultural values conducive to the maintenance of the *status quo* are embedded in all industrially-designed artifacts, both two-dimensional and three-dimensional. All designed objects communicate some of those values in tangible and visible form. Henry Ford, arguably the father of mass-production, but here sounding more like the supporter of a materialist semiotics, certainly recognized the communicative power of design in the 1920s. "The history of our people is written into things their hands made and used. a piece of machinery, or anything that is made, is like a book, if you can read it." (Ford, 1964) With a few notable exceptions—Penny Sparke (1986) cites Adolph Loos, Ettore Sottsass and Robert Venturi in her influential book "An Introduction to Design and Culture in the 20th Century," and perhaps we can add Victor Papanek (1972) too—designers have failed to recognize the significance of the relationship between design and culture. After all, most people we call designers have been educated in societies where the cultural relationship between design and industry has been accepted as a natural one. | Given these educational shortcomings, it is not

surprising that most design effort is expended in upholding and disseminating the values of the marketplace. | Centers of design education have the academic right and social responsibility to articulate a clear definition of design and to objectively study relationships between design and other cultural forces, but as Bruce Archer complained in 1984, academics within art and design "have neither consolidated the knowledge base of their disciplines, nor fed their ideas and values into the general education system to anything like the extent that their opposite numbers in letters and science have done." (Archer, 1984) | With an equally few notable exceptions the Inkhuk influenced schools of post-revolution Moscow, Hochschul für Gestaltung in Ulm where the first attempts to study design as a form of social communication were held in Tomas Maldonado's foundation course between 1957 and 1960, the "Design for Need" movement stimulated at the Royal College of Art in 1975 and developed in the design department here at Curtin under Associate Professor Tony Russell design schools have failed to realize the potential of design as a means of commenting on cultural values and as a catalyst for producing social change. | Ettore Sottsass was aware of this potential when he said in 1970 "I just started to think that if there was any point in designing objects, it was to be found in helping people to live somehow, in helping people to somehow recognize and free themselves." (Sparke, 1982) Until the basis for an academic discipline of design is laid, design schools are in danger of relinquishing their academic freedom by embracing the ideology of competitive profit-seeking without rigorous, open debate. They do society a disservice, not by merely conforming to the needs of competitive industry, but by actively helping to define the boundaries of such a socially-repressive ideological space. Boundaries such as those set up by the mass media — which constrain public awareness and opinion while appearing to create boundless social freedom of choice, rather like a mirrored wall — effectively restrain freedom of movement while creating the illusion of enlarging the available space.

Such a proposed discipline would have at its core theories of visual perception and representation, theories of human communication and a history of material culture. A full spectrum of vocational options would need to be systematically explored through design practice, including the currently-dominant relationship where the designer is subservient to the demands of competitive industry, since, as Terry Eagleton reminds us: *It is also possible to point out to students that advertisements and the popular press only exist in their present form because of the profit motive. 'Mass' culture is not the inevitable product of 'industrial' society, but the offspring of a particular form of industrialization which organizes production for profit rather than for use, which concerns itself with what will sell rather than with what is valuable. There is no reason to assume that such a social order is unchangeable.* (Terry Eagleton, 1983)

> As the educational foundation and professional definition for the majority of graphic design done today, the MYTH obscures, as Riley points out, a substantive view of design's participation in patterns of social, economic and political organization. It posits a relationship between form and function with implied boundaries that are restrictive. It ignores the entire world of what Gert Selles calls "anonymous everyday objects" (which are banished to the ghetto of kitsch), and treats personal, socially-active, academic and arts-related work as the charming little sister of commercial design. This body of work challenges the presumed design/industry relationship, and as such is marginalized and trivialized by labels such as "experimental", "arty", "idiosyncratic" or "individualistic". Exiled beyond the perimeters, it is not seen as relevant to (and apparently threatens the authority of) the (commercial mainstream) status quo. > Once upon a time, alternative work was produced by ideologues of Modernism, bent on improving the world for the 'masses'. While it challenged contemporary practice, it replaced that practice with new forms supported by ideals that were easily usurped by consumerism. In recent years the alternative focus has shifted toward critical theory and admittedly esoteric work produced for an initiated audience. It resides by choice outside conventional parameters, calling the mainstream into question. It offers little that can be sold to (or sold by) a corporate executive. > In the main, visual form is the graphic designer's content and is subject to a value system whose concerns are predominantly aesthetic. These judgements of taste are essentially cultural agreements between the participants of graphic design as a profession, highbrow, conventional, safe. Such values are built upon historical traditions, at times opposed to one another, but all Western in their basis, and high culture in their bias. The dialogue is an insular one. Yet at the same time, the style-hungry mainstream feeds on the work done outside these bounds. It appropriates formal style out of context, and minus content, in a manner similar to what Dick Hebdige observes in the relationship between subcultures, their overt, alternative style of consumption and its subsequent absorption by high fashion.

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It resides by choice outside conventional parameters, calling the mainstream into question. It offers little that can be sold to (or sold by) a corporate executive.

To remain vital, to create alternative professional definitions,
to sow new ground, graphic design must gain a new perspective from outside
both its' canons and history. To the extent that
we can remove ourselves from the dominant paradigm of which we
are so much a part, we must step out-of-bounds to take a critical
inventory and question the underlying structure.
> The graphic designer who looks beyond the accepted givens
is faced with sifting through myriad assumptions, interpretations and histories
of design, determining what to discard, what to keep.
If we throw aside traditional precepts of "good design" on
the basis of their complicity in exploitation
and indoctrination (as per Mr. Riley),
what will become the qualifiers for evaluating
design? If we accept that concepts of value
are arbitrary, and like signs, gain
meaning only in a cultural context,
and that that context is revealed as faulty
and incomplete (the half-truth of the MYTH), what
framework restructures our notions of good, bad, and ugly?
If, in creating a new self-definition,
we reject the mainstream as vacuous rehash
(personal assessment), what is left worth keeping?
> Appropriateness? In the commercial
environment it doubles as another
word for complicity, a co-conspirator in
placing limits on the graphic designer
within the problem-solving
'mass' communication context.
If we are to stretch the bounds of perception,
values and understanding, we
need to reassess not only how we
use the term appropriate but the
assumptions behind all current
design terminology. > Significat ion
and values are slippery stuff.
Professional borders shift, expand and transform.
A strategy for growth and
perspective needs to take place
on the level of super-structure, beyond
ephemeral definitions. > To avoid the limited scope
of permanent residence on only one side of the
fence, to eliminate or expand its perimeter
designers must consider themselves authors,
not facilitators. This shift in
perspective implies responsibility, voice,
action. With responsibility comes
accountability; this in itself demands
an educated understanding of the overall
context. With voice comes a more
personal connection, an opportunity to explore
individual opinions. As initiator or as working partner,
the graphic designer as author becomes an active participant,
with a stake in the communication process.
This shift may be the catalyst for the reconstruction of our
roles within (or without) the dominant paradigm.
As collaborators, rather than hand-maidens of industry,
graphic designers, authors, are free to define their own parameters,
and then to cross them.

Neither is there any reason to assume that academic departments of design must manage their profiles so as to conform exclusively to an industrial base which is at present fully committed to the exploitation of the majority of people for the benefit of a minority.

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beyond nostalgia

As our obsession with the past threatens to catch up with us, MARK EDWARDS asks whether we can ever go back to the future

REMEMBER WHEN we used to look forward to the future? Think we can ever get back to the days when the past stayed in the past? Is there, in short, any future in nostalgia? Can we get back to the future? Strap yourself into the time machine. We're going on a bumpy ride.

I just don't get off on nostalgia like I did in the old days. I find myself yearning for the real past, aching for the good old days before we used to be constantly aching for the good old days. Maybe you're too young to remember them--the days before we discovered retro-everything. But maybe you've seen enough late-night Channel 4 movies to realize that there was once a time where Western civilization looked forward, looked for inspiration not to the Fifties but to the year 2001.

Boy, that number used to get us excited: The 21st century. Just around the next corner. Coming soon to a cinema near you. Before you know it, we'll all be 21st-century beings. And what were we going to do in the 21st century? Why, we were going to live in the House of the Future, situated in the City of the Future. And we'd be driven to the office of the Future in the car of the Future (which, of course, would fly) by the Robot of the Future. Who would be called Robby. And would smile.

The only thing that wouldn't be of the Future would be problems. We wouldn't have any. By 2001 we would have cured cancer and learned to live in peace. And... well, that's it. What other problems could there be?

This attitude reached its peak in the Fifties and early Sixties, when radio, film, TV and comics were awash with science fiction. By the mid-Sixties it had a kitschy tinge to it (Lost in Space, Thunderbirds, The Jetsons) which should have warned us that decadence had set in, that the fun-loving, technology-friendly era was almost over. But the whole thing went back way beyond that. Jules Verne and HG Wells ushered in the modern era of future-watching. For decades after decades we looked forward. Nostalgia for the 19th century? Be me a favour!

And now? Look forward? Are you kidding? Instead of investing in the future, we're borrowing from the past. Living on time-credit. Wallowing in nostalgia. Looking backwards. Ironically enough, we seem to enjoy most looking backwards straight into the era when we did most of our looking forward. Our nostalgia is for the time when we didn't need nostalgia--when we eagerly awaited the future. A time of optimism. A time when we hadn't noticed the side effects of progress yet.

Let's face it. When did the first niggly little signs of oh-what-a-lovely past rear their recherche heads? I'm not sure we saw them as nostalgia then, not sure we knew the term, but they appeared in the early Seventies. The Boy Friend. The Great Gatsby. The Waltons. The rediscovery of the Twenties. It tied in with the plunge into the mini-recession of 1973-74 and the three day week. On a shorter timescale, the early Seventies music scene had begun raiding the back catalogue. Rock music was suddenly old enough for groups to be nostalgic for a particular earlier period. The post-Summer of Love semi-decade was junked, as David Bowie started what would have been the first mod revival if anyone else had wanted to play, with the release of Pin-Ups (his favourite music from way, way back in the mid-Sixties) in 1973. Around the same time, Mud and Showaddywaddy rode the crest of the rock 'n' roll revival.

If we can see the early Seventies as the starting point, we can begin to make sense of the switch from sci-fi to cute-past. Through the Fifties and early Sixties the future ruled. No doubt: The Tornadoes even made a record about a satellite, for Chrissakes (Number 1 both here and in America, even as the satellite, Telstar, allowed transatlantic communications in what the People of the Future would call 'real time').

But by the end of the Sixties, this yearning for the future had gone. What happened? This may sound like a ridiculous idea now, but from all the evidence we have, it looks like--for just a very few years, maybe 1963 to 1966--people actually lived in the present. What happened in the mid-Sixties was just that--the mid-Sixties. That's what it's famous for--being itself. Just for those few glorious years, the calendar actually coincided with what we'd probably have to call the Universal Mindset: People were actually truly happy to be alive right here, right now. In fact, yes, 'now' was a pretty positive adjective back then, whereas today (now) it's just a heavily advertised compilation album--an exercise in nostalgia for last month, a chance to live in April, in case May isn't good enough.

Maybe it was Kennedy. Maybe it was The Beatles. Maybe it was the psychological effect of the space-travel dream coming true. Like that medieval process where they drill a hole in your skull to release demons. Maybe when the human race pushed up off Earth for the first time, it did something similar--took some pressure off this planet, and everyone on it, gave us all a few years' grace. Lifted our spirits.

In effect, the future we'd been dreaming of for so long began to come true. And if we had satellites, then could the cure for and world peace be far behind? But we hadn't glimpsed any of the problems that the future brought with it.

After 1966, the core group of society (the ones we'd have called movers and shakers in the Eighties) took two years off. Instead of living in the past, present or future, they just went off and lived in a parallel universe (either fuelled by drugs, Eastern cults or just too much money to stay in reality). Then when they woke up again in 1969, it had all started to look ugly. Whether as a real horror or as a small-scale big symbol (Vietnam still going on, Altamont), the signs were all wrong. Instead of living happily in the present, we began to push against it, to protest it. 'Give Peace a Chance,' 'Power to the People,' flowers in rifles, The Beatles break-up, pretty soon people were investigating the President of the US, accusing him of being a thief and a liar--and they were right!

Hardly surprising that people began to look back to the mid-Sixties. And it got worse. As the Seventies progressed, the Car of the Future, the City of the Future, the House of the Future all began to go terribly wrong. Those big, thrusting, glorious City-of-the-Future skyscrapers turned into hellish towerblocks. We pulled the glorious future down. Blew it up and pulled it down, before it fell down of its own accord, before it ate up the souls of the People of the Future. The Car of the Future kept spewing out poison. The City of the Future kept throwing up violence.

By the Eighties we couldn't bear to live in the present. So, we had the option to TURN BACK to the future. But look what had happened the last time. This ugly present we were living in was that future we had longed for. The only safe refuge was the past. Why? Because it was intrinsically, inherently better? Well, no, simply because it was safe: It was definable: The past couldn't be unexpected: It couldn't have unknown side effects. It couldn't die because it wasn't truly alive: It couldn't come up in the street and ask us for loose change. It couldn't wipe out millions of people in Africa. It couldn't kill for a pair of trainers. So in one decade, the Eighties, we went through nostalgia for four decades--the Thirties, Forties, Fifties and Sixties.

Now (if you'll pardon the expression) in the Nineties, we're left with two real problems: First of all--how would you live in the present, even if you wanted to, were brave enough to? What is the present? What does the Nineties look like or sound like? Our music is Sixties or Seventies. Our films are re-creations of classic genres--film noir, Westerns, moral fables. Our TV is "another chance to see." Our clothes are "the X is back!" Our jobs are getting more and more like they were before the Eighties boom. (The Leisure Age? Give me a break!) If you wanted to be a Nineties person what would you do? Have babies and stay home? Nah, that's a Nineties subgroup, not a Nineties person. Becoming more caring and sharing? Nah, that's a late Eighties dream, not a Nineties reality.

There really aren't any rules: But there are a million guidelines for how to BOFFOW creatively from the past. Not only is living in the present virtually impossible. But if you did achieve it, how would anyone else know? What does it look like? What does it feel like?

OK, you're saying "it's too early to know what the Nineties are about--you never know that until the end of the decade." But that's my point. People in the Sixties knew what the Sixties were about in the Sixties. Now we're totally used to the idea that you never what the present is about until it's become the past and the Sunday supplements have done a pictorial review of it. Bizarre. And completely accepted. Admit it: the very suggestion that you should have a handle on what 1991 is all about already seems ridiculous to you. Mid-Eighties, yeah, got that down. But now? I'll get back to you.

Second problem (which may, eventually, solve the first): we're catching up with ourselves. We're well into the Sixties and early Seventies right now, and frankly, we're going through em--chewing them up and spitting them out--so quickly that it isn't going to take us that long to wade through punk rock retro, to brat pack backtrack, to have a rose-tinted view of red-framed specs and stripy shirts. Then all that will be left will be a nostalgic glimpse at the positive side of the early Nineties recession (remember how everybody got friendlier?) and we'll be--gulp!--right up to the present.

Then we've got three choices. We carry right on back into the future (and just maybe, we will after all this is the millennium you know, party like it's 1999 and all that). Or we go back through all the past again (gee, remember the last time we remembered the Fifties? Nostalgia was so much better the first time around). Or we actually live in the present. Hmm. Now, let's think. What did we do last time?

PAST

As our nostalgia for the previous pace threate
t ec pse th s one CHRISTOPHER VICE
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PERFECT

Possibly three choices aren't enough. Or don't exist.

If we accept that all form, significant or otherwise, has been discovered (personally I don't want to believe this is true but I haven't yet been able to imagine any that hasn't) and that there is no new experience to be realized, then we can safely eliminate inventing a future. And if no one can stomach another cycle of retro anything (not to mention the inherent contradiction of longing to return to the innocent past in which we naively committed the errors that caused us to be disillusioned in the present), then any repeat performances are out, too. And if the present is beyond our psychological capabilities or is too fractured to recognize or agree upon, then we are in trouble. Or we need another option.

Ronald Jones attributes the impowerment of nostalgia to our inability to move beyond the constraints of High-Modernism. We are in the straights of **"hover culture"** he says.[1] But that is too easy an indictment. We are too savvy to the failings of modernism, yet too critical of its strategies. Modernism is too tired a scapegoat to shore up our collective creative paralysis. Possibly it is our alternatives to modernist practices that are as much to blame for our package tour time travel mentality as modernism itself.

Some time ago the pundits offered a solution in the guise of postmodernism. But the postmodern route can be a treacherous one. Where it clear cuts a path across blocked roads it may create pitfalls. It is a practice that must be engaged with intelligence and wit; the modernists preached the 'good' but we must recognize that there is such a thing as bad postmodernism.

As best as anyone can agree, post modernism is predicated on the demise of individualism (the "death of the subject") at the hands of Corporate Capitalism and a subsequent disintegration of classical modernism. **Our inheritance is one of pastiche (blank parody) and "schizophrenia"** (unclinically given as the breakdown of the relationships between signifiers resulting in an undifferentiated relationship to the temporal and subsequent hyper-real experience).[2] **But this legacy is only acceptable if it can transcend pastiche. Otherwise we haven't the ability to eclipse nostalgia.**



While mining the past will take us nowhere, we can effectively address our time and place through an intelligent clash of style and meaning. As examples, Mr. Keedy's typeface design Hard Times, Frank Gehery's residence in Santa Monica, Pedro Almodovar's appropriation of Alexi Brodovitch fashion layouts for the titles of Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown imbue past expression with new meaning. These projects take what might be accepted at historical face value and interpret through a filter that could only exist in a specific time and a specific place– now. They comment on history and speak for today. **They warp.** As examples, Duffy design and Ralph Lauren merely warm up a non-existent past for a cold and hungry captive audience. They invent history. They recontextualize. It may sound good but its still just a fancy way to say travel back in time to a place that never was. Tibor Kalman offers a definition of the forked path down memory lane: 'Bad History uses tradition to impart an instant aura of instant class and social exclusion. Good History picks up a fragment from the past and "kicks it into the present."'

This forced **collision between old and new, now and then** can comment on how the fall of modernism altered our posturing of past and future. Envisioning a future as culturally significant as an imaginary past historicized by nineteenth century academicians, the modernists projected a future that was History.[3] Thus, the canon was amended; it became a writ in stone.

But to effectively address the present, one need not shatter the monolith; its too easy a gesture to deny the past and one that for years has been made by those in the so-called avant-garde. We occupy a unique vantage point; our position at the end of the twentieth century, with our understanding of the history of experience and form, yields the power to manipulate. Nothing can be gained in the act of destroying. In fact one may not even find the need; there are evidences of post modern ploys in high modern practice. Fredric Jamason points to the works of Thomas Mann and Joyce's Ulysses as examples of knowing, pre-postmodern uses of pastiche.[4]

Furthermore, recognition that we live in a continuum is essential if we are to escape the vacuum of schizophrenia. (And we owe it to our selves to avoid the void; however romantic it might be portrayed, hyper reality can't be fun for long.) Acceptance that the Moderns preceded us and the Ancients before them, coupled with the hind**sight** that the present bestows, is essential if we are to comment on the past and shape the present.

Since post modernism has broken the restraints of institutional monopolies on culture why not make use of our new found freedom to create. Why fall victim to 'fatal strategies' of the hyper banal', of which nostalgia may be the worst and most unconscious. One can dedicated oneself to the new again, or at least to a new as new can be. The designer can **move beyond the correctness of historic 'quotation' demanded by the canon and also subvert the program of historical (mis)appropriation of style** mandated as a function of consumer culture obsolescence.

(im)



The Rise and
CORPORATE

Let's face it:
Corporate Identity
is a worn-out case; a

KEN GARLAND

puffed up monstrosity that's been oversold, overpriced and overrated. As designers, we've all been hanging on to the damned thing because it's been such a juicy meal ticket for the last three decades, and because it was after all, our thing, our own key to the Managing Director's boudoir. With its magic aid we stole in and set about tickling the erogenous zones of the executive class. Nothing, we discovered to our delight and profit, turned top management on to graphic design so much as the prospect of a skillful massaging of their corporate image.

WHEN OUR BANDWAGON got rolling in the UK in the 1950s—as it already had in the US a dozen years earlier—business people were for the most part wide-eyed and innocent about corporate identity. They were ready to be guided to the light. The Council of Industrial Design's DESIGN magazine devoted the whole of its November 1956 issue to the subject, then identified under the more modest title of "House Style." Alec Davis, the special author of that issue, wrote: "In the absence of dictionary definitions, a house style may be described as the result of having a visual character—in all the means whereby an organization comes into contact with people—which is recognizable as belonging to that organization." An arguable truism. But a bit further on Davis pointed out, with more percipience: "Among manufacturers and retailers, there are some firms whose merchandise has such a marked style of its own that the question of house style in its presentation may be of secondary importance; but these firms are a minority. In a wide range of utilitarian products there is little or no scope for individual style; many others—liquids, pastes, powders—cannot be designed at all...each manufacturer is naturally anxious to suggest that there is a difference between his product and a competitor's. There is therefore great scope for house style in the presentation of these amorphous articles; good presentation can give them that visual attractiveness and character which, in other industries, the product itself possesses."

MISSING INGREDIENT Yes, indeed: House Style Can Provide the Missing Ingredient that Guarantees Success—and not only to amorphous products like petrol, toothpaste or detergent. It also can work, as Davis added elsewhere, for amorphous service industries such as power, banking and insurance.

And so it came to pass. Over the next 35 years we perpetrated (some of us) and were subjected to (all of us) the gaudy horrors of filling stations, junkfood joints and chain stores, and to the relentless identical plastic fascias of banks, building societies and public utilities' sales offices. These graphic manifestations, rather than any architectural cuckoos, have been mainly

The

GAIL SWANLUND

CONVERS

"Graphic design, *is* by nature, First most pedestrian *sense,* (granted on different levels) in the world : designer naturally hired to design. And *designing is a* process that interacting and a particular exercise with Above all, design be (or at a message or discussion it turns an into a visib

Fall of the IDENTITY

responsible
for the visual
degradation of our
towns because of their homogenizing effect.
Corporate identity street trappings have overlaid and obliterated any character or individuality in the environment. Towns that have for centuries absorbed all manner of architectural intrusions have fallen victim to the acrylic and fiberglass clip-ons. As graphic designers, we were partners to the crime because we really believed it would be OK to encrust every town in the country with any number of logotypes, symbols and any other items we devised for our clients PROVIDED THEY WERE WELL DESIGNED.

But, I hear you cry, is there nothing to be said for corporate identity? Are there no paragons to single out or is it all tarred with the same brush? If there is a candidate for noble purity in this field, it is the much-quoted work that Peter Behrens produced as consultant designer/architect to the German electrical goods manufacturer AEG from 1907 to 1914. As well as being the very first example of a thorough-going corporate identity program, it has strong claims to being archetypal. In his introduction to INDUSTRIEKULTUR: PETER BEHRENS AND THE AEG, 1907-14, Tilmann Buddensieg suggests that "Behrens's ideas and design created standards that survived long after their initial realization. Every subsequent design in the same area—for a button console, a kettle, an advertising brochure, a factory or a company housing estate—is unavoidably a statement of agreement or disagreement with Behrens prototype."

PERFECT PARENT Behrens was an ideal choice as father of corporate identity. Trained as a fine artist, he abandoned easel painting for the applied arts, practicing in turn as book designer, tableware and furniture designer, domestic architect and industrial designer/architect. He was no dilettante, demonstrating great skill in all these fields. He started cautiously on his appointment, gaining the confidence of Paul Jordan, the senior executive responsible for his engagement, instead of plunging in with much hype and hoo-hah—a distressing tendency afflicting later practitioners; and his close relations with Emil Rathenau, founder and chairman of AEG,. ensured the speedy implementation of his design proposals.

However there is a disturbing feature that runs through all Behren's work for AEG, and is most clearly exemplified in the turbine factory on Huttenstrasse, Berlin, designed in collaboration with the structural engineer, Karl Bernhard. It is a style which, at its best, conveys a feeling of monumental simplicity, but at its worst is grandiose. There is even, it has to be said, more than a passing resemblance to the bloated architectural style of the Nazi regime, of which (as supposed to) more later. Interesting, in light of this, to discover that Behrens was a passionate admirer of Nietzsche and a strenuous nationalist.

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And so a graphic designer, although one may be antisocial, cannot not be social, cannot

be isolationist.

To work as a designer means taking part in the discussion as an individual.

The discussion may be intimate, it may be very public, but most of all, it is an individual speaking with others.

It follows then that to join the discussion or to be conversational, an individual must have a voice. In order to converse effectively – or rather to effectively contribute to a conversation as an individual – the attribute of the voice or her or his identity needs to be readily apparent.

Designers should take a stand, express a point of view; their work should make

transparent

politics, bias, passions, emotions.

Since a graphic designer "converses" through a printed work, it is especially easy now, with the everyday use of computers in design, to unveil the designer's personal thinking process—by leaving traces and odds and ends of production in the final result. By leaving evidence within the finished product of the physical process (an ironically hand-crafted quality), it is possible for designers to actually represent a discourse.

The antithesis of individual representation within graphic design is the corporate logo. In "The Rise and Fall of the Corporate Identity", Ken Garland's argues that the corporate logo cannot represent any one thing or person. In fact, Garland continues, that the most successful and obscene use of the logo was by the Nazi party.

In a lecture delivered at Brunswick in May 1910, he stated: "It is particularly important for Germany, which has now achieved political power, also to win power in artistic areas...In this way, German art and technology will work towards one goal: towards the power of the German nation, which reveals itself in a rich material life ennobled by intellectually refined design."

BRIGHTENINGLY WELL DESIGNED

So here's our paragon: even at its inception, corporate identity is infused with over-weaning, elitist notions of power and the imposition of order by the visionary few. It is no coincidence, I feel, that within a quarter of a century of this statement, the most effective and arguably the best designed corporate identity of the twentieth century was the one that represented the most effective, and arguably the best organized, socio-political system of the twentieth century; nor that it arose in Germany and that it was imbued with Nietzschean concepts of the UBERMENSCH.

It was also the most obscene of all totalitarian regimes. This tempts the question: Is it only the monolithic, all-powerful organizations like AEG or the Nazi Party which can make really effective use of corporate identity? Certainly, the near-monopoly of AEG gave the company an assurance that was immensely helpful to Behrens in his design program. And the total control exercised by the Nazi regime over its workforce and the availability of resources was equally important to Albert Speer in his impressive use of corporate identity devices at great gatherings like the Nuremburg Rallies and in bombastic city planning exercises like the 1939 North-South Axis in Berlin (to which, incidentally, Behrens contributed his last architectural work: an office building for AEG).

The proposition is also born out by a number of postwar examples of which the corporate identity program for IBM by Eliot Noyes, as design director, and Paul Rand, as design consultant, was—and still is—a model. IBM offers a prime illustration of the contention that, however well designed, a ubiquitous and successful corporate identity is ultimately a calamity just BECAUSE it is ubiquitous. That's the bitter lesson we've only just begun to learn.

complaints and visual from all is a call to exploit of the

"Corporate identity," Garland claims, "is infused with over-weaning, elitist notions of power and the imposition of power by the visionary few."

Yet in order to represent everything, corporate identities become too diffuse, too bland, too all-encompassing

When we shower
the design periodicals
and quality newspapers with
angry complaints about the blowsy bugler
of BT, we are still missing the point. True, the BT style is
an even more footling bit of nonsense than the Prudential popinjay,
also from the same design office. But any corporate identity that
puts itself about as ostentatiously as these two is offensive,
whatever it looks like.

So what's to be done? Well, to some extent the problem has solved itself. I cannot believe that any large company will be prepared to fling its money about on candyfloss graphics from now on. Assuming, therefore, that they have any money to spend at all, what portion of it can be justifiably channelled in our direction?

For starters, we can throw in our lot with those local authorities, civic amenity groups, town planners and others concerned with the depredations of multinational companies, hypermarkets and recently "liberated" public utilities who have been allowed to blazon their insistent company image over our towns and countryside with minimum control from central government. With them, we can promote the idea of the spirit of the place. Not a new idea, of course; it's probably as old as the first human society. It is a vital part of the training and development of the architect; why not of graphic designers now that they may have as much or more influence on the appearance of some environments?

Then we could attempt to persuade the multinationals and other biggies that swanking around the globe about their bigness is increasingly counter-productive. (I wouldn't be surprized if it hasn't occurred to them already: they're probably ahead of us. Imagine the embarrassment when we turn up at the board room with our next Corp ID proposals and the hard men frown at it and say, "Bit monolithic, isn't it? Does it have to be quite so ostentatious?") And can we divest ourselves of some of the gruesome hangers-on in our business: the rejects from ad agencies and sales departments who've conned us into thinking that they, rather than we, have their fingers on the pulse of business and industry.

Finally, I offer you Garland's Law of Corporate Identity: that the degree of memorability and distinction applicable to any organization should be in inverse ratio to the size of its annual profits or the size of its chief executive's salary, whichever is the greater. Think about it.

There's no reason for corporations to employ such monolithic identities. Perhaps corporate identities could be broken down into a system of logos to closer represent different individuals and various facets of a given corporation.

Although of "visual babel" illiteracy are being hurled sides, at the same time there for designers— the demise corporate identity by cultivating individual identities and peculiarities, "character," personal style)

—that is, to be truly conversational in their work.

"The successful Graphic Designer is, in short, inspired to create--and make every effort to see that his creation reaches out to the viewer with meaning."

LESTER BEALL

On visibility

John Berger

To look,
at everything which overflows
the outline, the contour, the category,
the name of what it is.

All appearances are continually changing one another: visually everything is interdependent. Looking is submitting the sense of sight to the experience of that interdependence. To look *for* something (a pin that has dropped) is the opposite of this looking. Visibility is a quality of light. Colours are the faces of light. This is why looking is to recognize, to enter a whole. Identity of an object or colour or form is what visibility *reveals*: it is a conclusion of visibility; but it has nothing to do with the *process* of visibility which is as uncontainable, which is as much a form of energy as light itself. Light which is the source of all life. The visible is a feature of that life; it cannot exist without it.
In a dead universe nothing is visible.

Visibility is a form of growth.

Clouds gather visibility, then disperse into invisibility. All appearances are the nature of clouds.
The hyacinth grows into visibility.
But so does the garnet or the sapphire

Aim: to see the appearance of a thing (even an inanimate thing) as a stage in its growth—or as a stage in a growth of which it is a part. To see its visibility as a kind of flowering.

Not to say that behind appearances is the

So now we look toward design.
And hopefully we do not
see a dead universe.

Hopefully what we see is
an **experience.**That we as individuals
can recognize ourselves in the reading of
a message because as designers and viewers
we have brought something to it. The dimension
that design should hope to achieve comes out of
the success of this **experience.** Then identity,
color and form are what is revealed through this
process of recognition (visibility), not its initial and
final gift, not the standard on which it is judged, or
recreated. And the process is the energy, the life,
and dimension of design because there is growth
(design, designer, viewer) the more one can say
one contributed to that process. Without this
energy and dimension, design reveals only
its surface self, not the integrity of its
personality, its process.

The **experience** of this process of visibility should
then lead one beyond the outlines of successfully
used or reused imagery to a deeper examination,
a larger meaning, Consequently, design is
enhanced not by adding to it, but by
making it greater.

Designers can then see themselves as interceptors between light (message) and the surfaces which reflect and absorb it (viewer truth, the Platonic way. It is very possible that visibility is the truth and that what lies out side

visibility ar

) —a force which enhances the reception/a reception which enhances the force; a message makes itself known not just verbally and
process of viewing design goes beyond hand-holding.

And in this multi-dimensionality where the truth of design
from the designer's and the receiver's visibility, design is
continually transforming itself.

And perhaps that is the point.

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looks: the ar

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Perhap

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categories of

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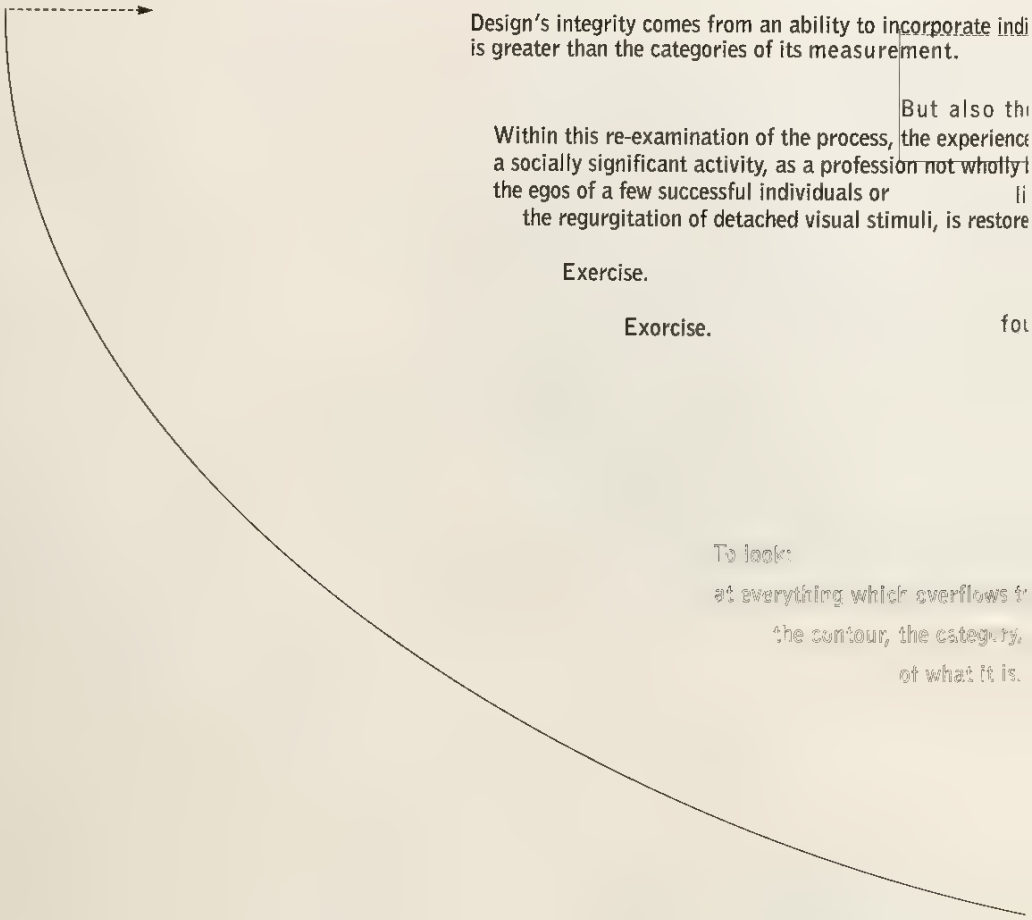
Design's integrity comes from an ability to incorporate indi
is greater than the categories of its measurement.

But also th

Within this re-examination of the process, the experience
a socially significant activity, as a profession not wholly
the egos of a few successful individuals or li
the regurgitation of detached visual stimuli, is restore

Exercise.

Exorcise. fou



To look
at everything which overflows
the contour, the category,
of what it is.

e only the 'traces' of what has been or
the will become visible.
comes

To look at light.
To recognize that outlines
are an invention. To transcend scale:
ew blades of grass as large as the sky
t visibly coexistent with the mountain:
sibility comparable with the mountain.
s that's the point. The fact is visibility
eparable from light) is greater than its
measurement (small, big, dis-tant, near,
light, blue, yellow, etc.). To look is to
er and beyond these measurements, the
primacy of visibility itself.
vidual vision as a solvent to the textbook, template exercise that
The eye receiving.
e eye intercepting. The eye inter-cepts
, design as
based on
the continual intercourse between
ght and the surfaces which reflect and
d.
absorb it. Separate objects are like
isolated words. Meaning is only to be
ınd in the relation between them. What
is the meaning to be found in
the visible? A form of energy, con-
tinually transforming itself.

Exercise.

outline,
frame

To look:
at everything which
overflows the outline,
the contour,
the category,
the name
of what it is.

Look

White transparent curtains across the w ndow

Light com ng from the right

Shadows of folds, hanging folds, darker than clouds

Suddenly sunl ght

The window frames now cast shadows across the curtains

The shadows are convoluted fo low ng the folds. the window

frames are straight and rectangular

Between the curtains and the window a space like the lines on

which music is written but three-dimens onal, and the notes of light, rather than sound. The space between the rectangular window frames

and their shadows convoluted because the curtains hang in folds half-transparently

Looking through the curtain, a cloud crossing the sky its upper edge yel owy s lver and undulat ng—w th almost exactly the same rhythm as

the convolutions of the shadows (now d sappeared because the sun has gone in) The cloud is moving fast A most at gale speed

On the houses opposite the wrought-iron balconies are absolutely still. For an instant the sun comes out again

Snake shadow gone

Clouds moving

Sea swelling

Charlie s van comes back

A heavy swel at sea

A memory Visua

Tall cl ffs White. With straight horizontal lines of dark flashing grey flint. Between the lines centuries of chalk deposit The fringe of the

cliffs against the sky, grass hanging over. The thickness of the turf in relation to the height of the cliffs ike the thickness of an animal s

fur. At the height of the grass gulls wheeling. Figures of eight cut off by the cliff. The shadows of the cliffs on the sea (the tide is in, almost

up to the cliffs.) The shadow of the cliffs on the sea, ly ng on the sea, from the water's edge to eighty metres out. the length of the coast

In the shadow of the cliff the sea is almost brown. Further out, just beyond the shadow of the grass fringe, the sea is a green mixed with a

l ttle white The green that oxidized copper goes, but with sun. As I write this very sentence, the sun comes out

above Noe. road, casts the shadow of the window frame on the curtains, the curtains stir in the window

my pen casts a shadow on this paper and the sun goes in

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abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz Susan LaPorte
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ Quazee Fat
Even Fatter abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
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QRSTUVWXYZ Susan LaPorte

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Textura ABCDEFGhIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
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abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz ($&!?@) Elisabeth Charman

textura-orna bcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz elisabeth charman

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The graduate program in graphic design is dedicated to an advanced exploration of practice and theory. The program consists of a two year sequence of seminars, combining studio projects with issues of design methodology, history and critical theory. The program is biased toward the development of a personal direction within the public context of communication, and assumes the need to transcend the limitations of much current professional practices in order to produce meaningful and original work. The required graduate seminars are supplemented by design history and independent studies.

California Institute of the Arts is located 27 miles north of downtown Los Angeles. CalArts offers BFA and MFA degree programs in Art, Dance, Film/Video, Music and Theatre. The School of Art consists of the Art, Graphic Design and Photography programs.

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JULY 6/24

Summer **Dutch** 92

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There is no other nation which assigns the same importance to design as the Netherlands. Historically, designers in the Netherlands have been recognized for their experimental approach to visual communication. In a contemporary context, clients, designers and society accept and encourage experimental solutions. Visually challenging and engaging design becomes integrated into the fabric of every day culture, obvious and apparent within the public environment.

The program is a forum for participation in this inherited and ongoing design tradition.

de program





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Fact TwentyTwo

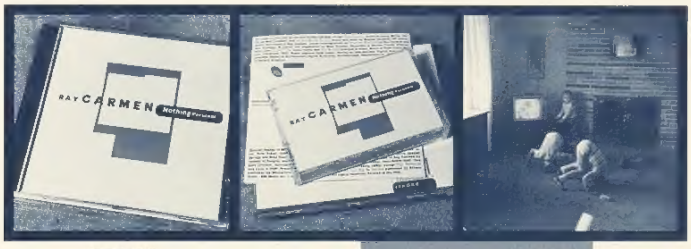


Compact disc $13
Cassette $8
Limited edition deluxe compact disc version with 28 page booklet and hardbound cloth cover featuring 12 illustrations by James Towning $18

The Columbus, Ohio based band Fact TwentyTwo has released its second full length album on the Emigre Music label. While their previous release "Energy, Work and Power" featured a collection of newly mixed tracks from previous cassette releases, "The Biographic Humm" consists of 12 brand new compositions.

Working from out of his home studio, Fact TwentyTwo's James Towning further explores his unique brand of pop music which combines complex drum patterns and ingenious tape manipulations with a monotonic vocal styling that is entirely his own.

Although greatly inspired by such bands as He Said, Wire and The Legendary Pink Dots, Fact TwentyTwo sets itself clearly apart from these and other artists, both musically and lyrically. Fact TwentyTwo has resisted using the predictable heavy thump that most industrial/dance music subscribes to and has held on to a more refined, detailed approach to traditionally structured 'pop' music. Towning writes about everyday life, but from a distinctly American point of view, sprinkling his lyrics with quirky and subtle references to American culture and television in particular. While the press has compared the Fact TwentyTwo sound to bands ranging from Depeche Mode to Chris and Cosey and OMD, James Towning once penned down the following description of his music: "Soundtracks, foundtracks, feet-off-the-groundtracks, technological popological synth-plop from A to Z. The duration of a typical sitcom or a 30-mile drive at 60 mph."



Compact disc $13
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POP!

RAY CARMEN Nothing Personal

You would think that there is little left to explore within the parameters of true pop music. Yet Ray Carmen, with his debut album "Nothing Personal," has created a highly personal version of what he considers, without trepidation, pure pop. While using a simple setup of guitar, bass and drums (albeit machine) Ray Carmen has cooked up 12 instantly memorable pop jewels delivered with a combination of originality and at times almost childlike innocence that gives this record its unique character.

New Releases!

Every Good Boy

Baling Wire & Bubblegum

After their highly acclaimed debut album "Social Graces," Every Good Boy delivers their second full length album on the Emigre label. Departing on a slightly different angle, "Baling Wire & Bubblegum" features nine compositions infused with ample guitar, subtle horn and string arrangements and a very sexy sounding Rhodes piano. Erik Deerly's poignant lyrics and passionate vocal stylings combined with the skillful production talents of drummer Brian Deck, tie this project together to attain that unmistakable Every Good Boy sound. Produced and engineered at Idful Music Corporation in Chicago by Brian Deck, Erik Deerly and Brad Wood. Cover design by Barry Deck.

Compact disc $13. Cassette: $8.

To order Emigre releases, call toll free
1 (800) 944 9021
We accept payment by Visa, MasterCard and American Express.

Upcoming Release:

Audioafterbirth

Tongues

This Minneapolis-based band exists primarily as a studio project conceived by Cranbrook graduate P. Scott Makela. Ten compositions will be featured on this debut album which can be best described as a collection of melodic / industrial / dance tracks. As in his riveting design of the recent catalog for the Minneapolis College of Art and Design, Makela creates, in his music too, an exciting balance between the familiar and the unexpected.

Release date: May 2, 1992.

The ORIGINAL







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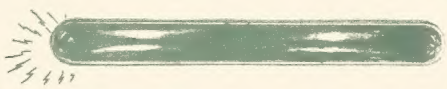






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